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{ From Beginning,
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CONTENTS.

I. ANTS,	<i>Church Quarterly Review</i> ,	771
II. NO NEW THING, Part XI.,	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> ,	780
III. CHARLES DICKENS,	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> ,	793
IV. THE LADIES LINDORES. Part XVI.,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> ,	803
V. PROFESSOR CLERK MAXWELL,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	817
VI. IMMORTALITY WITHOUT GOD,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	820
VII. ANIMAL PARTNERSHIPS,	<i>English Mechanic</i> ,	823

. Title and Index to Volume CLV.

POETRY.

AN AUTUMN MORNING,	770	ADVERSE CRITICISM,	770
A GHOST,	770		

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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

AN AUTUMN MORNING.

AFTER a night of storm, the morning breaks,
 Grey, soft, and still,
 Each little bird within its bush awakes,
 A voice in feathers, and with right good will
 Tunes up for the sweet music birds have played
 Since the glad day when little fowls were made.

The swarthy crow alights upon the field
 Mid silver dews;
 His keen eye marks the savory grub concealed,
 Nor fears he for the wetting of his shoes;
 Woe to the worm who crawls abroad, a prey
 Where hunger waits with cruel beak to slay.

Hunger, imperious lord, thy stern decree
 Brooks no dispute;
 Never a despot wielded spell like thee,
 O'er reasoning man, and ruminating brute—
 Old serpent, in thy coign of vantage curled,
 Thy well-poised lever moves the mighty world!

Who whets the sickle for the golden corn
 On yonder hill?
 Who wakes the reaper in the misty morn,
 To garner crops for sleepers lying still?
 Restless and ruthless master, at thy call,
 Harvests are reaped, and Sloth will leap a wall.

Who gives a savor to the poor man's bread
 No monarch tastes?
 Wins the rare pearl thro' peril dark and dread?
 Plants a fair garden in deserted wastes?
 'Tis thou, great motive power of mortal toil;
 And fruit is plucked when thou dost stir the soil.

Yea, fruit is plucked—what cries of muffled
 glee
 Arouse mine ear?
 Away, ye mannikins, that apple-tree
 Bears fruit forbidden! Ah, the case is clear,
 The roystering wind last night hath wrought
 me ill,
 And boys are boys, with many a void to fill.

In ragged breeches, pockets have no holes,
 An instinct wise
 In thrifty mothers—they, poor patient souls,
 Must build up life with small economies;
 They mend their nets, and have their sure re-
 ward,
 Rough winds blow dumplings to the frugal
 board.

But, lo! the gallant sun comes forth to cheer
 All hearts and eyes;
 Across the stream's bright mirror, shining clear,
 The little dabchicks skim with joyful cries;
 And in cool depths, below the bridge's rail,
 The old trout lies, and moves a cautious tail.

The cows that pasture by the river's brim,
 Contented eat;
 And feeding, in the distance, golden dim,
 On the hill acre where we cut the wheat,
 Sheep, stepping slowly through the stubble,
 seem
 A flock in fairy-land, where poets dream.

O Autumn Morning, sweet enchantress, rest,
 Fly not so soon!
 Whisper thy secret to this troubled breast,
 For all the world is listening ere the noon;
 Alas, already shines the perfect day,
 The magic morn hath vanished away!
 Temple Bar. C. B.

A GHOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MRS. JERNINGHAM'S
 JOURNAL."

LOVE, will you let me in?
 I am knocking at the door.
 Love, can I shelter win
 Close beside you as of yore?
 Of my grave I am weary,
 Narrow, narrow, dark and dreary;
 Wildly from its clasp I flew,
 Love, just to look at you.

I am so white and chill:
 Love, will you shrink away?
 If you will not kiss me still
 Do not let me in, I pray.
 I have cross'd the mighty river:
 Will you fear me? Do you shiver?
 If your arms refuse to woo,
 Death is more kind than you.

Love, if *you* were a ghost
 And *I* were alive and warm—
 Ah, perhaps—I will not boast—
 I might shudder at your form;
 I might flee before the presence
 Of an unembodied essence.
 Hush! hush! it is not true,
 Love, I should know 'twas *you*!
 Longman's Magazine.

ADVERSE CRITICISM.

WHAT flowers I had in one fair knot were
 bound,
 And so I laid them on a public stall,
 Wondering would any one take note at all,
 Or taking note, to praise them would be found.
 A keen-eyed critic turned the nosegay round,
 Then cried, "No true flowers, these!" and
 let it fall:
 "Mere weeds that grow against the Church's
 wall!
 And what coarse thread about the stalks is
 wound!"

'Tis true, I fear me, dandelions and grass
 I culled, mistaking them for garden bloom,
 And half-believing that they so might pass;
 And now my critic has pronounced my doom,
 Half-undeceived I shall not grudge my lot,
 If friends may find one true Forget-me-not.
 Spectator. I.

From The Church Quarterly Review.

ANTS.*

FROM the earliest times of which any record remains, there have been some minds attracted by the mysteries of animal life. We cannot, of course, expect to find in the records of the remote past any traces of an intelligent investigation of the habits and the mental faculties of the subject creation. There is a general agreement as to the fact that in its early stage the human mind was incapable of any exact analysis of its own powers, or of the phenomena which it witnessed either in animate or inanimate nature. But it is natural to suppose that even in the pre-historic period man was struck by the resemblances as well as by the differences between himself and the lower animals. He felt, if he did not mentally grasp the fact, that emotions wondrously similar to his own—love, fear, joy, rage—were exemplified in the living world around him; while the absence of any language common to himself and the lower animals served to wrap them in impenetrable mystery. That such was the case seems to be clearly proved by the important position occupied by various animals in some very ancient religions. We commend this topic to the consideration of any who may be disposed to derive all ancient religious ideas from solar phenomena.

It is interesting to observe that the earliest methodical investigation of nature, the earliest approach to a definite classification, appears to have been in Palestine. We are not now referring to the broad and general description of crea-

tion contained in the first chapter of Genesis, nor to the important distinction there drawn between man and nature. But that chapter must have exerted a most powerful influence upon the Jewish mind, for the simple reason that it placed the mind at the outset in the right attitude for the investigation of nature. It placed all nature before man as a system capable of being investigated, as an order of things distinct from, but subject to, the mind, as to be subdued by man, and consequently requiring in some degree to be understood. It is surely no visionary notion, but one of the plainest of truths, that familiarity with that authoritative record must have facilitated the advance of the Jewish intellect for some distance on the road of science.

We should not expect to see the full effect in this direction of that venerable record until the Hebrew nation, after its wanderings and its internal struggles, had finally settled down under a powerful and orderly government, and was in the enjoyment of the leisure which attends prosperity and peace. It is, however, evident that the fruit of which that record was the germ did ripen when those favorable circumstances had arrived. Though no scientific writings have come down to us from the period, it is clear that science must have been one of the characteristics of a portion of the nation when at the height of its power in Solomon's days, and that classification was carried out to a considerable extent. To record the diligence of that king himself as a student of natural history was not deemed unworthy even by the sacred historian, and we may fairly infer that the royal author was not alone in the study. Had he been so, it would have profited no one that "he spake of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall;" or that "he spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes."* We shall have to refer later on to one portion of his natural-history teaching.

We do not deny that amongst other peoples a spirit of inquiry grew up in

* 1. *Harvesting Ants and Trap-door Spiders. Notes and Observations on their Habits and Dwellings.* By J. TREHERNE MOGGGRIDGE, F.L.S. London, 1873.

2. *Supplement to Harvesting Ants and Trap-door Spiders.* By J. TREHERNE MOGGGRIDGE, F.L.S., F.Z.S. *With specific Description of the Spiders* by the Rev. O. PICKARD-CAMBRIDGE. London, 1874.

3. *An Introduction to Entomology, etc., etc.* By WILLIAM KIRBY, M.A., F.R.S., F.L.S., and WILLIAM SPENCE, Esq., F.R.S., F.L.S. Seventh Edition. London, 1856.

4. *Ants, Bees, and Wasps. A Record of Observations on the Habits of the Social Hymenoptera.* By Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart., M.P., F.R.S., D.C.L., LL.D., President of the British Association, etc., etc. Second Edition. London, 1882.

* See 1 Kings iv. 33.

course of time. It may indeed be inferred from the passage which has suggested these remarks that in some of the neighboring nations it was so, and the library, consisting of inscribed tablets, collected by the Assyrian kings some three centuries after Solomon's time, and especially by Assur-bani-pal, contained, we are told, "an interesting division formed by the works on natural history. These consisted of lists of animals, birds, reptiles, trees, grasses, stones, etc., etc., arranged in classes, according to their character and affinities as then understood."*

Resisting the temptation to linger in the vast field and amongst the *embarras de richesses* presented by the history of the study of nature, and coming to our own times, we observe that the fascination of that study appears to have reached its height. Every year brings out some fresh work, the result of patient observation, written in a more or less popular style, and detailing new and most interesting facts about plants or about animals. Such a supply implies the existence of a demand. It implies that there is a large number of readers who take a delight in knowing all that can be known about the animated world around them. It would seem as if men are beginning at last to follow literally the general direction to study creation implied in the words "Consider the lilies."

The late Mr. Darwin remarked as follows: "It is a significant fact, that the more the habits of any particular animal are studied by a naturalist, the more he attributes to reason and the less to unlearned instincts."† The truth which underlies these words appears to be that in almost if not all animals there is more play than used to be supposed of a faculty akin to human reason in its power of choice, in its varied action when circumstances vary; not that there is not also a large number of unlearned instincts, such as that which guides the bird in nest-building or in periodical migration, and the bee in the construction of the honey-comb.

* See Ancient History from the Monuments: Assyria. By the late George Smith, of the British Museum, London, p. 182.

† See The Descent of Man, 1871, vol. i., p. 46.

Again, it was formerly supposed that instinct and reason are always in inverse ratio to one another; that the more of free intelligence any species possessed the less was the amount, so to speak, or the number of its instincts, and *vice versa*. This was a hasty inference from the fact that in man the power of instinct seems to be entirely dwarfed by intelligence. It is one of the features of intelligence as distinguished from instinct that it has to learn, and that it profits by experience; and we all know that no human being can construct a habitation for himself without learning the way, an accomplishment which to many of the lower creatures comes by nature. But the doctrine that reason and instinct are in inverse ratio certainly does not hold good generally. Of insects, for example, the *social Hymenoptera*, ants, bees, and wasps, are the highest in the scale of intelligence. Yet it is precisely these insects which possess the most wonderful instincts.*

The bees have long enjoyed a full share of attention, arising from the service which they render to man in collecting honey. The knowledge of the habits of ants is not so widely diffused; yet, as we shall endeavor to show, they are highly interesting in many ways. Moreover their habits admit of being studied with greater ease than those of bees.

Sir John Lubbock remarks that "there are a number of scattered stories about ants which are quite unworthy of credence."† He has given us in a recently published volume an interesting *résumé* of facts about ants, many of them the results of his own patient and ingeniously directed observation. Before selecting and remarking upon some of these facts, as we propose to do, we will give two examples, the one of a marvellous story that falls under the category of those unworthy of credence, the other of a belief respecting ants, which, after being scouted by modern science as a popular delusion, has been reinstated in the full dignity of scientific truth by later observation.

* See The Descent of Man, vol. i., p. 37.

† Ants, Bees, and Wasps, preface.

The father of history, Herodotus, is responsible for the introduction to the Western world of the fable which forms our first example. Certain Indians, he tells us, were in the habit of procuring large quantities of gold from the ant-heaps in a desert to the east of the Indus. The ants which inhabited this desert were intermediate in size between a dog and a fox. They made their habitations in the ground precisely as did the ants known to the Greeks, and the sand which they threw up in the process abounded in grains of the precious metal which could easily be separated from it. The difficulty, however, was to obtain the sand. For these ants were ferocious, apt to congregate in large numbers, and excessively swift in pursuit. If overtaken by them neither man nor camel could escape destruction. It was the practice of the gold-hunters to visit the ant-heaps early in the morning, when, according to Herodotus, the heat of the sun is greater in that region than at midday, and when, consequently, the ants were all underground, and hastily loading their camels with sackfuls of the valuable sand, to hurry off, and so obtain a good start before the ants, apprised by scent of the presence of marauders, launched themselves in pursuit.* Other ancient writers repeated the account, which naturally lost nothing in the process. One of them declares that the skins of the ants resemble those of panthers.

This story is not an invention on the part of Herodotus. He only repeated, according to his wont, what he had heard. Nor was it altogether fiction. It was fiction founded upon facts. Facts were exaggerated, distorted, and made the basis of a too hasty generalization, and then imagination came in to supply the element of terror. This is perhaps the natural history of many a myth. In the present instance modern scholarship has been able to discover the original germ from which the fable sprang. In the Mahabharata, the Homer of the ancient Aryan Indians, mention is made of "ant-gold" brought from the northern region.

* See Herodotus, iii. 102-105.

The story therefore is clearly of Indian origin. We know, too, that gold-dust was found in a sandy table-land north of India. But whence came the notion of the monstrous ants? The same region is inhabited by numerous marmot-like animals with spotted skins, which burrow in the sandy soil; and modern travellers have seen them sitting on their hind legs, as if keeping guard before their holes. Doubtless the northern tribes carried away, for the sake of the gold, the loose sand thrown up by these animals; and the southerners, familiar with the habits of ants in their own country,* but not knowing the marmot, concluded that the burrowing creatures must be ants, whose formidable strength and speed were proportionate to the size of their bodies. The whole story is thus satisfactorily explained, or, if a further *rationale* be required of the supposed ferocity and swiftness of the ants, the actual tenants of the desert holes having no such qualities, we may suppose that the northern traders added these details in order to enhance the value of the gold.

In the foregoing story we have an example of the way in which, in an unscientific age, the want of experience and the operation of a too hasty logic invested the ant with fabulous powers. It is not so long since the very same causes betrayed writers of considerable scientific pretensions into the opposite error—that of denying to the ant an instinct and habit which some of the species actually possess.

Every one is familiar with the exhortation in the book of Proverbs, "Go to the

* It may help to understand the growth of the fable if we remember that the ant-heaps in warmer climates are much larger than any in ours. Kirby and Spence tell us that the largest in our country, those constructed by *Formica rufa*, the horse-ant, "are mere mole-hills when compared with the enormous mounds which other species, apparently of the same family, but much larger, construct in warmer climates. Malouet states that in the forests of Guiana, he once saw ant-hills which, though his companion would not suffer him to approach nearer than forty paces for fear of his being devoured, seemed to him to be fifteen or twenty feet high, and thirty or forty in diameter at the base, assuming the form of a pyramid truncated at one-third of its height; and Stedman, when in Surinam, once passed ant-hills six feet high and at least one hundred feet in circumference." (Introduction to Entomology, p. 270.)

ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise: which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest.* It was not in Palestine alone that the ant was believed to store up grain for future use. Hesiod speaks of a time "when the provident one (the ant) harvests the grain." Horace compares the thoughtful industry with which men provide for the needs of old age to that of the ant in accumulating her store:

Parvula (nam exemplo est) magni formica
laboris
Ore trahit quodcumque potest, atque addit
acervo
Quem struit, haud ignara ac non incauta fu-
turi.†

Virgil, as might have been expected, does not leave the practice unnoticed, and though in the passage referred to ‡ he is evidently borrowing from Apollonius Rhodius, it seems equally evident that he is describing what he has himself observed.

The hasty manner in which the concurrent testimony of these and other southern writers was set aside in modern times in deference to the dictum of some northern observers, and the subsequent reversal of that hasty verdict, ought to teach caution for the future. A little exercise of that faculty of suspending the judgment, which some modern teachers exalt as a high intellectual virtue, would here have been in place. Instead of pronouncing at once, because our northern ants do not habitually store up grain, that the ancients were all mistaken as to a matter which fell under their own observation — that in fact they mistook the *pupæ* carried about by the ants § for grain — it might have been suspected that differences in the climate might account for differences in the facts observed. This scientific caution was observed indeed by Kirby and Spence, who remarked as follows: —

Till the manners of exotic ants are more accurately explored it would be rash to affirm that no ants have magazines of provisions; for although during the cold of our winters in this country they remain in a state of torpidity, and have no need of food, yet in warmer regions, during the rainy seasons, when they

are probably confined to their nests, a store of provisions may be necessary for them.*

But this commendable prudence was not exhibited by some other writers. For example, some of the commentators on Virgil, and, what is of more importance, a writer in Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," asserted in almost identical terms that modern observation of the habits of ants does not confirm the belief that they store up seed in their nests. The writer of an article on the "Natural History of the Bible," in the *Quarterly Review* for July, 1863, was betrayed into the same error, which he endeavors to support by the suggestion that most probably the ants lie dormant during the winter in Palestine, where the cold is severe.

Other naturalists had already established the fact that harvesting ants were to be found in India. Mr. Moggridge has shown that they are also to be found in the warmer parts of Europe. Having occasion to spend the winter and spring of 1871-2 at Mentone, he devoted himself to the investigation of the question. He found that out of the one hundred and four species of European ants then known, two in particular were regularly addicted to the practice, viz., *Atta barbara* and *Atta structor*, and he explains the familiarity of ancient writers with it by the fact that these two species abound on the shores of the Mediterranean, and are particularly noticeable from their habits.† Some other ants show traces of the instinct by occasionally collecting seeds, a statement which Sir John Lubbock corroborates from his own observation.

Mr. Moggridge proceeds to inform us that the true harvesting ants just mentioned are found also in Palestine; and it would seem from the Mishna and other Jewish writings that the quantities of grain amassed in their nests were sometimes considerably greater than any observed in Europe. It was a question among the Jews to whom belonged the grain found in an ant's nest — whether to the owner of the crop or to the gleaners. The Mishna decides in favor of the former if it be found while the crop is standing; but if the reapers have passed, then the upper portion of the store, probably because presumably taken from ears that would have gone to the gleaners, was to belong to the latter.

There is an interesting fact, if it be a

* Prov. vi. 6-8. See also xxx. 25.

† Horace, Sat. i. i. 33-36.

‡ Æn. iv. 402-407.

§ The ancients were not ignorant of this practice, though they mistook the *pupæ* for eggs. See Virgil, Georg. i. 379, 380.

* Introduction to Entomology. Seventh edition, p

313.
† See supplement to Harvesting Ants, etc., p. 164.

fact, in regard to the seed carried by ants into their subterranean dwellings: namely, that so long as they have access to it it neither germinates nor decays. But if either the seed be removed from the superintendence of its thrifty owners, or they be excluded from the nest, then, according to Mr. Moggridge, it will germinate. What means the ants possess of checking germination was left an unsolved problem by Mr. Moggridge, and Sir John Lubbock informs us that it remains a mystery still.* It must be added that the last-named writer quotes other authorities in opposition to Mr. Moggridge's statement of the facts. According to one writer the ants gnaw off the radicle, while another asserts that they permit germination to commence for the sake of the sugar which is developed in the process, as in the familiar conversion of barley into malt.

Some ants, we are told, exhibit a more wonderful instinct than the mere storage of grain. They are true farmers. They cultivate their own crops. The *Pogonomyrmex barbatus*, a species inhabiting Texas, is said to extirpate from the ground to a distance of five or six feet from their nests all other species of plants except *Aristida oligantha*, the grains of which they carefully stow away in their barns, and which is consequently called ant-rice.† Sir John Lubbock corroborates this statement in some measure by the remark that he has himself "observed in Algeria that certain species of plants are allowed by the ants to grow on their nests."‡ That in the actual process of harvesting their grain the ants have learnt the use of division of labor was observed by some very ancient naturalists. Ælian describes how one party perform the operation of reaping, and another that of carrying, the former severing and throwing down the spikelets of corn "to the people below," τῷ ὄχμῳ τῷ κάτω. This statement has been corroborated by Mr. Moggridge, who has seen "ants engaged in cutting the capsules of certain plants, drop them, and allow their companions below to carry them away." §

The English ants do not store up grain, but they show an equally remarkable proof of foresight, or of what would be foresight, if it were not, as we believe, the result of an instinct, and involving no

knowledge of the consequences. It is well known that different species of aphides provide food for ants. The aphides secrete a sticky sweet juice, which they emit on being stroked by the antennæ of the ant, and which the latter instantly devours. Sir John Lubbock has added to our previous knowledge of the singular relations between the ants and their domestic animals—their "cows," as they have been called—by showing that ants collect the autumn-laid eggs of aphides and carry them into the shelter of their nests, where they tend them with the greatest care through the long winter months. In March the young aphides are brought out and placed on the young shoots of the plant which serves as their natural habitat as well as their food. In the case observed the ant was no other than the common English yellow meadow ant (*Lasius flavus*), and the plant from which the eggs were removed, and on which the young live stock were deposited, was no other than the common daisy.

Perhaps the most striking fact that the modern study of natural history in general, and of ants in particular, has brought us to, is not to be found amongst the details—the individual habit or instinct—but in the circumstance that a scientific naturalist should venture to affirm the general principle which Sir John Lubbock infers from the *tout ensemble* of the characteristics of ants. It is a principle which seems to run counter to what we might naturally have expected, and it is one which deserves thoughtful consideration in all its bearings, whether scientific or religious. We should naturally have supposed—and the general principles of evolution would seem to point in the same direction—that the nearest approach to the intelligence and other characteristics of man would be found amongst the mammalia, and, in particular, amongst the anthropoid apes, whose bodily structure bears the closest resemblance to that of man. But, according to Sir John Lubbock, the fact is otherwise. We are to look for our nearest parallel, in his opinion, to the minute order of creatures whose ways he has been observing for the past ten years. No other order presents in such a remarkable degree as the ants the social organization, the co-operation of large multitudes, whether for the needs of daily life, for defence, or for aggression, and at the same time such intelligent engineering as his clients display in the construction of their roadways, and of their elaborate habitations. Nor does

* See supplement to *Harvesting Ants*, etc., p. 171; and *Ants, Bees, and Wasps*, p. 61.

† See *Harvesting Ants*, etc., p. 12.

‡ See *Ants, Bees, and Wasps*, p. 62.

§ See *Harvesting Ants*, etc., p. 13.

this exhaust their claims to rank next after man. They have succeeded in establishing such relations between themselves and some other orders of insects, as in the example mentioned above, that they may be said to possess domestic animals. Some of the species even possess slaves.

We doubt whether Sir John Lubbock's contention will be generally admitted to its full extent. Wonderful as the performances of ants are, it seems to us that reasoning power on the part of the individual has so small a share in effecting them in proportion to the part played by instinct, that we should hardly be disposed to place the ant next to man in the scale of creation. We are not intending to depreciate instinct. If there were no other difficulty in the way of accepting a theory of mechanical evolution, instinct would, in our judgment, oppose an insurmountable barrier to it. Nor, again, do we purpose discussing the difference between instinct and reason. On this point it must suffice to say that instinct appears to us to be a kind of stereotyped reason, suited to the narrow range of circumstances by which a given species of the subject creation is conditioned, and that being thus strictly limited, thus confined to particular grooves, it differs widely from that grand faculty of man which causes him at least to aspire to be the measurer of all things.* At the same time it is difficult not to see in many instincts the traces of a conscious intelligence; and if, as doubtless is the case in regard to many of the wise adaptations of means to ends on the part of insects and other creatures, we must deny the possession by the individual animal of any conscious prevision of those ends, we are content to trace the operation of Supreme Intelligence. Many of the instinctive actions of ants, of which we are now about to furnish some examples, appear to us inexplicable by the mere operation of natural selection or survival of the fittest, and in fact to present an insoluble problem on any theory which denies or ignores the divine Creator and Ruler of the world.

In the second stage of ant life, the insect, after it has emerged from the egg, is absolutely dependent upon the ministrations of its fully developed sisters. It is a *larva*, a small, white, legless grub,

voracious, but quite incapable of feeding itself. Not only do its worker sisters perform this operation for it; but they also carry it about from chamber to chamber of the nest in order, Sir John Lubbock thinks, to secure for it the most suitable amount of warmth and moisture. This nursing duty cannot have been learnt; for it is performed by the very young ants whose skin is not sufficiently hardened to allow of their undertaking out-of-door work.*

After a period of five to six weeks or more, during which the larva continues to feed, or, more strictly, to be fed, and to grow, it turns into a *pupa* or *chrysalis*, when feeding ceases, to be resumed, however, by the perfect insect; but growth ceases altogether. Immense changes take place in the chrysalis stage; there is a development of the various organs, but no addition to size or weight. When the fully developed insects are ready to emerge, extraneous aid is again, in many cases, required, and were it not given they would perish, just as the human infant would perish if neglected. "It is very pretty," Sir John Lubbock says, "to see the older ants helping them to extricate themselves, carefully unfolding their legs, and smoothing out the wings with truly feminine tenderness and delicacy."†

Of the insects thus developed the males and females are provided with wings, of which they divest themselves after the marriage flight—the former, however, only to die almost immediately; while the latter, if circumstances are favorable, become the mothers of a numerous progeny, and may, as Sir John Lubbock has proved, live for at least seven years.‡ The remainder of the new generation, considerably exceeding in number the males and females, consists of the wingless workers or neuters. These are said to be really undeveloped females, and there is some foundation for this view. It is a familiar fact that bees, which belong to the same order of insects as ants (the *Hymenoptera*), are able so to treat an egg which in the ordinary course would give rise to a neuter, as to obtain a fertile queen instead. Sir John Lubbock, differing here from Mr. Dewitz, is of opinion that ants possess a corresponding power and instinct. The last-named naturalist remarks that "it is very difficult to understand how the instinct, if it is to be called instinct, which would enable the working

* If Professor Max Müller's derivation of "man" from a root meaning "to measure" be correct, it is interesting to observe that at the earliest dawn of language, or at any rate of Aryan speech, man's prerogative of reason was so distinctly recognized.

* See *Ants, Bees, and Wasps*, pp. 6 and 23.

† See *Ants, Bees, and Wasps*, p. 7.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 9.

ants to make this difference, can have arisen."* We venture to add that in the case of bees (which certainly, even by the admission of Mr. Dewitz, possess the instinct), and in the case of ants (if, as is possible, they also possess it), such an instinct is incapable of being explained, except by reference to over-ruling mind. Such an instinct is an example of a class of facts, which are far from being rare, which testify to a restorative power in or above nature, a remedial agency operating in the case of accidental wants. To the same class of facts belongs the wonderful recuperative power of the animal body in the case of injury by accident or disease. The religious teacher may reasonably point to such facts as being at least in harmony with, if not in some degree suggestive of, the remedial process which he proclaims to be needed, and to be attainable in a higher order of things — the spiritual.

There is a class of instincts — or perhaps, to speak more correctly, of habits — in the subject creation, just as there is a class of habits indulged in by man, which to the moral sense of man when duly instructed and cultivated are distressing to contemplate and even revolting. To this class belongs the practice of slave-making followed by some ants. It is so extraordinary an instinct that, as Mr. Darwin remarked, "any one may well be excused for doubting its existence." The statements, however, of Pierre Huber, who was the first to discover it (in 1804), have been fully confirmed. Huber's account of the discovery is so interesting that we venture to introduce it here, slightly condensed. He was walking in the environs of Geneva, between four and five in the evening, when he noticed traversing the road a legion of rufescent ants (*Polyergus rufescens*). He says: —

They moved in a body with considerable rapidity, and occupied a space of from eight to ten inches in length by three or four in breadth. In a few minutes they quitted the road, passed a thick hedge, and entered a pasture ground. At length they approached a nest inhabited by dark ash-colored ants. Some of its inhabitants were guarding the entrance; but, on the discovery of an approaching army, darted forth upon the advanced guard. The alarm spread at the same moment in the interior, and their companions came forth in numbers from their underground residence. The Rufescent ants, the bulk of whose army lay only at the distance of two paces, quick-

ened their march; the whole battalion in an instant fell upon and overthrew the ash-colored ants, who, after a short but obstinate conflict, retired to the bottom of their nest. The Rufescent ants now ascended the hillock, collected in crowds on the summit, and took possession of the principal avenues, leaving some of their companions to work an opening in the side of the ant-hill with their teeth. Success crowned their enterprise, and by the newly-made breach the remainder of the army entered. Their sojourn was, however, of short duration, for in three or four minutes they returned by the same apertures which gave them entrance, each bearing off in its mouth a larva or a pupa.*

The larvæ and pupæ, thus carried off, become, when developed into workers, the industrious slaves of their captors, and do all the work of the home, tending the young, providing the supplies of food, even feeding their masters, whom they carry away on their backs when the colony changes the situation of its nest.

Later observations have shown that the slave-making instinct has assumed four different forms in as many genera. It exists in its mildest form in *Formica sanguinea*, which may be found in the southern counties of England. Sir John Lubbock draws a woful picture of the degrading effect of the habit. We do not stop to inquire how he reconciles with his rather sweeping doctrine of the degeneracy produced by slavery the fact that ancient civilizations and, until very recent times, modern civilizations also, have advanced in spite of the practice. But the ants, at all events, furnish, according to him, a terrible example. The four different forms of slaveholding amongst them represent, he says, so many stages, one below another, in its degrading tendency.

Formica sanguinea, which may be assumed to have comparatively recently taken to the practice, has not been materially affected. They can still "do" for themselves, if necessary, though they are too prone to indulge in the luxury of compelling slaves to work for them. Much appears to depend upon the facility with which they can obtain the unlawful luxury. For in Switzerland, as we learn from Mr. Darwin, more work is done by the slaves than in this country, the reason being probably that the slaves are captured in greater numbers in Switzerland.†

Polyergus comes next in the scale of debasement. They are, indeed, bold and powerful marauders, but that is all that

* See Ants, Bees, and Wasps, p. 40.

* See The Origin of Species (1882), p. 217.

† See Ants, Bees, and Wasps, p. 81 seq.

can be said in their favor. They have lost their knowledge of art; that is to say, they do not construct their own habitations. They have lost also, as already stated, their natural affection for their young, and even their instinct of feeding.

Then comes *Strongyloagnathus*. These have lost even more. Slavery has told on the bodily strength. When roused, they will however fight, but they fight in vain; and but for the exertions of their slaves they would evidently be exterminated.

Beneath this lowest depth there is yet a lower depth. *Anergates* is the name of the miserable creature. If Sir John Lubbock is right in the novel suggestion by which he explains the mysterious fact that it continues to exist at all, a male and female *Anergates* stealthily enter the nest of *Tetramorium* and assassinate the queen. The result of this dastardly manœuvre is that in the following year the community consists of the murderous couple, their young, and only the workers of *Tetramorium*, who, though they would never submit to be captured by such weak creatures, yet tend their helpless invaders with the utmost care. *Anergates* is an awful warning. It is a parasite. It has lost its real independence, its arts, and many of its instincts. "The individuals are weak in body and mind, few in numbers, and apparently nearly extinct — the miserable representatives of far superior ancestors."*

Now it must be admitted that such an instinct as that of slave-making is difficult at first sight to reconcile with our *à priori* notions of divine design, though surely it is not more so than any other rapacious and cruel instincts in the animal creation, or than the presence of evil at all in the world. But it may be well to point out that whatever the difficulty may be, there appears to be an equal difficulty on the hypothesis of mechanical evolution. For it is a clear case of a well-developed instinct that is not, apparently, beneficial to the species. It may, of course, be said that if an injurious instinct happens to be developed and to become persistent, it must lead to the final extinction of the species affected, and that the slave-making ants are an example to the point. We take leave, however, to remark that there is no proof whatever that the ants ever possessed the various useful instincts which they are said to have lost. Conjecture as to particular orders of beings is too frail a foundation for a

general principle with regard to all orders.

There is, however, another remark to be made in reference to the repugnance which the slave-making instinct in ants is said to merit from us. The same remark will apply to some other instincts which are said to militate against the belief in divine government, such as the impulse which amongst bees leads the workers to put to death the drones after these have fulfilled their single function of securing the continuance of the race. It is strange, certainly. But the repugnance which is professed or felt in presence of such facts arises, surely, from an error. The error consists in looking at them from a merely human point of view — from not realizing that it is not a world of human beings that we are regarding, but of totally different beings. It is an error to attribute to what we call the victims in such cases the feelings which we should naturally attribute to our fellow-men so circumstanced. If we could accurately represent to ourselves the actual consciousness of the various species of animals, it may well be that all the difficulties now arising from the contemplation of the war of nature would shrink to very small proportions, or disappear altogether.

With regard to the rise of the instinct of slave-making, the suggestion is offered by Mr. Darwin, and repeated by Sir John Lubbock, that since it is a common practice with ants, even of species that do not make slaves, to carry off the pupæ of other species, if scattered near their nests, "such pupæ originally stored as food might become developed; and the foreign ants thus unintentionally reared would then follow their proper instincts, and do what work they could."* Out of such circumstances it is possible that the instinct may have grown. But both this instinct and all the instincts peculiar to neuters being neither inherited directly from either parent, nor transmitted by the possessors, present one of the greatest difficulties to the theory of evolution by natural selection.

We turn now to some of the particular results of Sir John Lubbock's observation of his favorites. It will surprise those readers who now learn the fact, that the library of a studious man may be shared without inconvenience to himself by numerous communities of insects so much addicted to travelling about as ants. The range of their peregrinations may, how-

* See Ants, Bees, and Wasps, p. 89.

* See The Origin of Species, p. 219.

ever, be limited by very simple means. A shallow trough filled with water is as impassable to them as was the Styx of old to the unfortunate shades for whom the last rites had not been duly performed. Sir John Lubbock has had for some years thirty to forty communities under observation. Each community inhabited a space about a quarter of an inch deep, filled with fine earth, between two glass plates, and enclosed at the edges by slips of wood, with a small aperture in one corner for a doorway. Some of the nests were placed like shelves one above another, and supported by a single upright post. Beneath the lowest was suspended a platform larger every way than the nests, in order to intercept any individuals that fell, and having a watery ditch at its edges. There was thus free passage between the nests and to the top of the pole; but all the communities were cut off by the water from communication with the outer world. It is sad to learn that this ingenious device for saving space involved special difficulties. The ants knew their own nests perfectly well, but were so pugnacious, that great care had to be exercised in assorting the nests. Between fellow-citizens the utmost harmony prevails, but the members of different communities always regard one another as enemies.

Mention has been made already of division of labor amongst some harvesting ants. By the adoption of a simple method for ensuring recognition, our author has been able to observe the performances of individual ants, and claims to have shown that they differ amongst themselves in character and disposition, and that division of labor is carried out amongst them to a greater extent than was supposed. When it was desired to watch the proceedings of a particular ant, he marked it with a small dab of paint on the back, an operation which sometimes had to be repeated, as, the ants being very cleanly animals, the strange mark would sometimes be licked off by fellow-citizens.

In order to ascertain whether particular individuals are charged with the duty of bringing in the small supplies of food required in winter, a nest of *Formica fusca* was watched, and an hourly register kept, with few intermissions, for nearly two months, from November 20 to January 15. From the observations made in this and other cases, it seemed clear "that certain ants are told off as foragers, and that during winter, when little food is

required, two or three are sufficient to provide it."* The food in this case, it should be added, was honey, of which ants are particularly fond. Not the least interesting portion of the book before us is the chapter in which the various contrivances are described by which ants are prevented from gaining access to the honey of flowers, and so depriving them of their means of attracting the visits of bees and other flying insects, which, as Mr. Darwin has shown, are in many cases of great importance in promoting cross-fertilization. But we must not linger on this topic.

Another point on which Sir John Lubbock has made elaborate observations is the power which ants have of recognizing one another and of intercommunication. All the members of one community are able to distinguish between a fellow-citizen and an interloper, even after the former may have been excluded from the nest for nearly two years. They even recognize as fellow-citizens ants brought up from the pupa state among strangers. It has been asserted by some naturalists that ants, and likewise bees, make use of some kind of language, of which the antennæ serve as the instruments, and that by means of it they can communicate with one another as to the approach or absence of danger, or describe localities where, for example, specially attractive food may have been discovered. The latest observer, though he would certainly be the last to deny to his interesting pets the possession of any remarkable and particularly any manlike faculty which he had good reason to assign to them, does not confirm this view. Ants, as he shows, recognize one another, but it is not by means of language, nor is the recognition personal. That is to say, an individual is perceived in consequence of some subtle quality, possibly some special odor, to be a relation. Numerous experiments tend to show likewise, that though ants track one another by scent, and, consequently, may follow to a store of food the first discoverer of it, the power of communicating with one another is very limited,† though not quite absent.

We must now draw to a close, though many interesting topics, such as the na-

* See *Ants, Bees, and Wasps*, p. 47. In some foreign species certain individuals in each nest are so formed that their abdomen is capable of enormous distension. They act as receptacles of the honey, which they retain and redistribute when required. They are said never to leave the nest, and in fact are merely animated honey-pots. (*Ibid.*, pp. 47, 49.)

† See *Ants, Bees, and Wasps*, p. 171.

ture of the senses of ants, still remain unnoticed. The points to which we have chiefly confined ourselves are those which exhibit the societies of ants as regularly organized communities. It is in this aspect that the subject appears to us to have more importance at the present time than in any other aspect. Attempts are rife to reassure those persons (amongst whom we reckon ourselves) who would view with alarm the decadence of belief in and reverence for a divine and authoritative standard of duty. Strange to say, the arguments used seem to be based not upon what we know of man, but upon what we observe among the social animals below us. The question is much too large for us to enter upon its general discussion at the end of an article. But our subject has been an order of beings which furnishes examples of the most highly organized societies next after man; and, consequently, if the theory which regards the social bond as sufficiently efficacious by itself in maintaining order without the sanction of religion can find support anywhere in the subject creation, it is to be presumed that the communities of ants would furnish such support in abundance.

It is worth while to note, therefore, the broad gulf that separates such societies as those with which we have been occupied from the society of men, and which renders it absolutely impossible to reason from one to the other in the manner suggested. Whatever be the amount of intelligence exhibited by ants, no one will contend that in seeking the common good they are actuated by anything higher than instinctive impulse, and from this impulse they cannot free themselves; nay, they cannot form the idea or the wish to free themselves from it. Man's reasoning power gives him, indeed, the opportunity of choosing nobly, of devoting himself, at personal self-sacrifice, to the good of others, but it also offers him the temptation of choosing precisely the reverse — of endeavoring to secure his own gratification, no matter what the cost to others.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
NO NEW THING.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PHILIP GOES INTO SOCIETY.

AT the moment when Mr. Brune was giving way to mercenary aspirations, as

recorded above, the subject of his regrets was sitting before a blazing fire in the smoking-room at Longbourne, smoking one of the excellent cigars of which a stock was always to be found in that well-ordered establishment, and enjoying, or appearing to enjoy, the creature comforts incidental to the situation. It was his sister-in-law who had suggested to him that, as they were alone in the house, they should betake themselves to this cosy little apartment immediately after dinner, asserting, as kind-hearted ladies do sometimes (and Heaven only knows whether they are speaking the truth, or whether it is not an act of selfish brutality to take them at their word), that she liked the smell of tobacco, and that to spend the evening in the smoking-room, instead of in the drawing-room, was an unwonted treat to her.

It reminded her, she said, of old days, when she used to sit with Jack after dinner. Perhaps she wanted an excuse for talking about Jack; and on ordinary occasions Tom, who had had a sincere affection for his younger brother, would have been willing enough to gratify her; but this evening his thoughts were, not unnaturally, centred upon himself, and with a very little encouragement he would have related the whole history of his disappointed hopes. Thus, these two people, who had become excellent friends, and who were both inclined just now to claim a little of the sympathy to which friendship is entitled, remained for some time at cross purposes, each throwing out hints to which the other failed to respond, until it became evident that some topic of common interest must be resorted to. This was in Tom's favor; for when the conversation languished, it was inevitable that the adventure of the day should suggest itself as the ground for a fresh start, and so he soon found an opportunity of remarking, in a casual manner, that he supposed so pretty a girl as Miss Brune would not be likely to remain Miss Erune much longer.

"I don't think she will be in a hurry to marry," responded Margaret. "Nellie has a good deal of character, and she will be sure to think well before she chooses."

"If she has not chosen already."

"Yes, if she has not chosen already. There are perhaps half-a-dozen marriageable young men hereabouts, and I believe they are all of them devoted to her in an off-and-on sort of way."

"Is there anybody in particular, should

you suppose?" inquired Mr. Stanniforth, staring up at the cornice.

Margaret poked the fire, and made no reply; so he went on, "I used to fancy that young Marescalchi was paying her a good deal of attention, but perhaps it didn't mean anything."

Margaret laughed; whereupon her interrogator withdrew his eyes from the ceiling with great promptitude, glanced inquiringly at her, saw it all, and immediately dropped into a gloomy reverie.

"I am glad you noticed that," said the unconscious Margaret, "for I have always thought that those two were exactly suited to one another, and hoped that something might come of it some day. But I have given up match-making," she added with a shake of her head. "I have made one or two attempts in that way, and the results have not been encouraging. I suppose people must be allowed to choose for themselves."

But Mr. Stanniforth was no longer anxious to pursue the subject, and indeed had not distinctly heard the last few words. "Oh, yes, certainly, I quite agree with you," he said; and then began to talk very fast about habitual drunkards, in which unfortunate class of society he had been lately stirred up to take a keen interest. He had a comprehensive scheme for dealing with them in their double character of afflicted fellow-creatures and responsible members of the community; but as the carrying out of this project would have involved the expenditure of some millions of the public money, besides interfering with the liberty of the subject after a fashion conceivable only to enlightened Radical brains, the reader need not be wearied with its provisions. Margaret listened to them patiently, argued against them, was triumphantly silenced, and ultimately went to bed with a consolatory assurance that she had done what was expected of her.

At breakfast the next morning, Mr. Stanniforth, who had passed a bad night, looked up from a pile of opened letters that lay before him, and said that he was very sorry, but he was afraid he must be off. He had spent the first half of the recess in unwonted idleness, and would now have to work hard to make up time. The habitual drunkards, it appeared, were clamoring for attention; the anti-vivisectionists were about to hold meetings in various places at which the presence of the member for Blackport would be indispensable; the insufficiency of railway servants, and consequent alarming in-

crease of accidents, was likewise a subject that seemed to require looking into; so that, upon the whole, it came to this, that he would have to leave by the twelve o'clock train.

Margaret expressed her surprise and regret at this sudden change of plans, but was hardly so much afflicted by it as she might have been, had not the post brought her her own share of disquieting correspondence in the shape of an announcement from Philip that he had finally made up his mind to abandon the law in favor of the operative stage.

"I have been thinking about this for a long time," he wrote, "but I would not tell you until I was tolerably sure of success, because I wanted to spare you needless worry, and I knew you would be rather horrified at first. Don't breathe a word about it to anybody just yet—it would only set the whole pack of them baying at you if you did—but think it over quietly, and I am sure you'll agree that I might do worse. Old Steinberger (perhaps you have never heard of him, but he is a celebrity nevertheless)—Steinberger says my high notes only want practice to be as good as Wachtel's (I dare say you have never heard of Wachtel either); and if all goes well, I ought, in a few years' time, to jump to the top of the tree at one bound. Is there any other profession in the world in which such a *coup* as that would be at all possible? As for the social position, anybody will tell you that great singers are received everywhere in these days; and between ourselves, my dear old Meg, who am I to give myself airs? The nuisance of it is that living in London, and having the best masters, and all that, costs a lot of money; but I must economize, and I dare say I shall manage to get on somehow. The rapidity with which a five-pound note melts away here is awful. Cab-hire alone"—etc., etc.

The remainder of the letter contained a good many hints of this delicate nature, for Philip seldom asked directly for money, that being a course of procedure which went against his finer feelings.

Money, however, was what he was at this time in urgent need of; and, but for this circumstance, it is probable that Margaret would have been allowed to remain for some time longer in ignorance of his schemes. One reason in particular he had for desiring that his coffers should be replenished: namely, that he contemplated a change of domicile. The remote situation of Coomassie Villa—

half a day's journey from the club, as he would often pathetically remark — was causing him daily inconvenience, and he no longer dreaded the risk attaching to residence in a more frequented quarter; for he was beginning to feel convinced of the truth of the common saying that one is never so much alone as in a crowd. It was, however, quite certain that the suburban butcher, baker, and grocer would not suffer him to depart until their several little accounts had been defrayed; and therefore it was that he awaited Margaret's answer with no small impatience, and that, when the answer came, he was a great deal more anxious to examine the figure of the cheque contained in the envelope than the accompanying eight pages of manuscript. But he did read the latter as soon as he had ascertained the satisfactory nature of the former, and was a good deal touched by Margaret's kindness and generosity.

Nothing, indeed, could have been more moderate than the tone of her reply. She did not deny that Philip's news had startled her, nor that she had certain misgivings as to the social position about which he had expressed himself so confidently; but she admitted that he was better able to judge of such questions than she could be, and further, that he had a perfect right to choose his calling in life for himself; the one essential thing, for him and everybody else, was to have a calling of some kind or other. She then went on to make some very true, if not very original, observations on the solaces of labor, which Philip skimmed over rapidly, and concluded by thanking him for having taken her into his confidence. In a postscript she added that she was sure his expenses must be heavier than he could conveniently manage, and that she therefore enclosed a trifle, which she hoped would help to lighten them for a time.

There was a pleasing, provisional sort of sound about the last three words which Philip did not fail to note and appreciate.

"Fan," said he gravely, as he folded up the letter, "if the baby should die, and I should be cut off in my prime, immediately after realizing a handsome fortune on the boards of the Italian Opera, don't you take it into your foolish little head to adopt an orphan. Unless he turned out to be very unlike some other orphans whom I have heard tell of, he would be a burden to you all your life, he would take your last penny from you with absolute complacency, and at the bottom of his

heart he would think you rather a fool for giving it to him."

The awful possibilities foreshadowed in this speech were too much for Mrs. Marescalchi, who began to cry.

"Now, now, Fan," remonstrated Philip, "you ought to know me better by this time than to take every word I say so seriously. I'm not really such an ungrateful beggar as I make myself out; and as for dear old Meg, it's a positive delight to her to throw her money out of window. If I didn't pick it up, you may be sure that somebody else would — perhaps a less deserving person."

"Oh, but Philip," sobbed Fanny, "how could you talk like that about — about your dying? And dear baby, too! I can't bear to hear you say such things."

"Oh, is that it?" said Philip, much amused. "I think you may feel reassured, then. In point of physical health I can safely speak of myself in the highest terms, and I don't see a symptom of anything wrong with baby, unless it's excess of fat. So dry your eyes, Fan, and I'll go out and search for lodgings in some more civilized district."

Of this task Philip discharged himself with due circumspection. It might be permissible to be bold, but it would not do to be too bold; and therefore he decided to eschew such favorite localities as Clarges Street and the like, where people from Crayminster or the neighborhood might at any time establish themselves next door to you for a week or two. The other side of Bond Street was quite as handy and less dangerous; and chancing upon a tolerably commodious first floor in Conduit Street, which at that season of the year was to be had for a moderate weekly rental, he agreed to take it. Thither, in the course of a few days, he transplanted his belongings, and there for a time he dwelt in prosperity and contentment, no man forbidding him.

When Philip walks down Conduit Street nowadays the smile with which he habitually faces the world and all that therein is fades from his expressive countenance, and as he passes a certain house, and glances up at its first-floor window, he does not fail to pay the tribute of a sigh to the memory of hours gone, never to return. He may have forgotten, as most of us do, when looking back upon the past, many a small rub, anxiety, or annoyance; but the fact still remains that his life during the first part of that winter season was one that agreed with his tastes to a nicety. The lodgings, though

not actually luxurious, were as comfortable as London lodgings ever are; they were kept by a worthy couple whose hearts were at once conquered by the baby, who were kind to Fanny, and not as inquisitive as the servants at Coomassie Villa had been; and if the cooking left something to be desired, this was but a small drawback to Philip, since he was frequently obliged to dine away from home.

It was not only to the Temple that he went when he thus absented himself, nor was the obligation in question by any means of a stringent nature; but, as Philip was careful to explain, it was not on that account the less real. It would never do for him to refuse invitations, he said, and to allow people to forget him. Social interest and social influences were of the greatest importance to a man who had to make his own way in the world, and counted for more in the profession that he had chosen than the uninitiated might suppose. He gave instances of artists who had obtained the most lucrative engagements by securing the good word of a certain melomaniac nobleman, and of others who had met with all manner of slights and obstacles simply through having failed to please the same potent individual.

But, indeed, he need not have taken so much pains to excuse himself. Fanny was, in the first place, firmly convinced that her lord and master could do no wrong; and, in the second, she would have put up with any amount of personal inconvenience rather than have defrauded him of the least of his amusements. Any one who should have suggested to her that she was a neglected wife would have occasioned her quite as much surprise as anger. For her own part, she had never been able to accustom herself to late dinner, and greatly preferred a cup of tea and some hot buttered toast at six o'clock. When the baby had been tucked up for the night, and the nurse, after an hour or so of pleasant gossip over the cradle, had also gone to bed, Mrs. Marescalchi would get out some of the books by means of which she was perfecting her education, draw up her chair to the fire, and prepare for a solitary evening, without the faintest suspicion that she was a person whose lot any one would venture to pity.

Sometimes Philip did not come in until long after midnight; for there were evening parties as well as dinners at which he felt it his duty to be present; but, early

or late, he always found his wife sitting up for him on his return—a little pale perhaps, but ever in the best of spirits, and not in the least sleepy, as she unhesitatingly declared, if he remonstrated with her on not having gone to bed. There was a cheerful fire, there were his slippers and his velvet smoking-coat, and his particular armchair all ready for him; on the table were the little cut-glass decanters which Fanny had purchased for him out of her own pocket-money, knowing that he liked pretty things, and the seltzer-water, and a plate of sandwiches, in case he should feel exhausted after all the labors of the evening.

When Philip had made himself quite comfortable, Fanny would seat herself upon a footstool beside him, with her little flaxen head resting against his knee, and coax him to tell her about all the lords and ladies; and then he would indemnify himself for many hours of enforced self-restraint by taking off the little peculiarities of those to whose coat-tails and apron-strings he was clinging in the hope of being upheld by them until he should be in a position to dispense with such aid. His keen sense of the ridiculous stood in need of some vent of this kind; and it was as much to amuse himself that he acted as to amuse Fanny, upon whom some of the finer touches of his mimicry were somewhat thrown away. Yet it is probable that her enjoyment of these midnight performances was greater even than his; and upon one occasion the old gentleman who lodged on the second floor came down in his dressing-gown to say that, if there was a joke, he should take it as a favor if he might be let into it, so that, since it appeared that he was to be deprived of sleep by the noise of laughter from below, he might at least have the satisfaction of being able to laugh too.

There was a time, not so very long ago, when London in the winter was a city of the dead, so far as people who wished to be considered fashionable were concerned; but all that is changed now. Society has greatly enlarged itself; people whose professions require them to spend the greater part of the year in the metropolis are allowed to call themselves fashionable in spite of that necessity; other people, who are in the proud position of requiring no profession, occupy their town houses every now and again, and receive their friends there: there is less of a crowd and bustle than in the spring, but there is more sociability; and

a young man who has talents of a certain kind and a sufficiently large acquaintance, need have no fear that his time will hang heavily upon his hands. Philip's talents were of the most popular order, being such as contributed directly to the amusement of his fellow-creatures, and it soon became understood that he was living in London, and that a note addressed to his club would find him. Hitherto he had been chiefly known as a good-looking young man with a turn for amateur theatricals; he had now acquired a fresh claim to attention in the possession of a wonderful tenor voice; and this gift served him as a passport into many houses which would otherwise have remained closed to him. He accepted all invitations from great and small alike; and this would doubtless have been good policy upon his part, if he had been pursuing a policy at all; but the probability is that he was doing nothing of the sort. He was not really ambitious, nor was it in him to look far ahead. He went everywhere, because it amused him to do so, and because he had no particular leaning towards one class of society more than another. He did not inform his friends and patrons that he proposed eventually to appear upon the stage, judging that the time was not yet ripe for that announcement; but when some of them suggested to him that a voice like his ought to be public property, and that if he decided to make it so, he might almost command his own price for it, he thanked them for their hint, laughed, and said—well, perhaps that might be worth taking into account. In the mean time he was good-naturedly willing to eat their dinners and amuse their other guests, and sing for them as often as they asked him to do so.

Herr Steinberger, whose avocations took him to most of the musical parties and private concerts that were going, did not altogether approve of all this. One evening, after hearing Philip sing a *duo* from the "*Traviata*" with the famous Signora Tommasini before some three or four hundred people, he caught his pupil by the elbow, and having led, or rather pushed, him into a corner, began to scold him roundly.

"What do you mean by this?" said the irascible little man. "It is a breach of contract! Did I not tell you I would not have you sing in public?"

"Don't be rude and disagreeable, Steinberger," said Philip, who was now on terms of familiarity with his master and was not at all afraid of him; "this isn't

singing in public. I am here by invitation, and so, I suppose, are you."

"I am nodding of the sort," returned the other. "I am paid; and if I was not paid I would be smoking my pipe at home. Do you think I come out at night to hear you sing '*Parigi, O cara*'?"

"Well, well," said Philip; "I am not paid, at all events, and the question of payment was what our agreement referred to, wasn't it? I quite understand that you will expect to have a percentage off my earnings, when I make any."

"I do not want your money," growled the German, reddening; "I want that you should be a *gredit* to me. And that you will never be, if you let yourself be flattered by the old Tommasini and spoilt by all these laties, and give up your work. You work no more as you did; you are getting lazy and goneited—you will go to the tefel!" And he turned on his heel and walked off, fuming.

But when Philip went to take his lesson as usual, the next morning, Steinberger recurred to the subject.

"You think you learn to sing that way? You think, because they all clap last night, that you sing like the Tommasini? The Tommasini she is old, she is past her day; but if she would have let out her voice, she would have lift the roof off that meeserable little room; while you!—one could not hear you on the stairs. How often must I tell you to open your mouth wide—so!—as if you would *schwallow* the audience? When will you learn to do like this?"

And Steinberger opened his own great jaws to their utmost capacity, struck a terrific din out of the piano with his fat fingers, and attacked the same air that his pupil had warbled so sweetly on the previous night—"Ba-harichi, o-ho ga-ra!"

Philip burst into a shout of laughter. "No, no, Steinberger; I shall never be able to sing like that."

"Ah, you may laugh," said the other, whose voice in truth was more powerful than melodious; "but what is your English proverb?—'Let him laugh who wins.' And we have a German proverb too, which says, '*Zeit ist Geld*.' And you will never win anything at all, my vrient, if you spend your time at evening balties."

Philip did not allow his peace of mind to be disturbed by any such prognostications as these. He knew that Steinberger was fond of scolding, and would have found something else to grumble at in default of the present pretext. He him-

self thought he was getting on famously. And then it was such a jolly life! Nobody bothered him; nobody asked questions; nobody wanted to know where he lived, or what he was doing when he was not at the club or in society. Even Walter, whom he saw occasionally, had not inquired his address. Walter, fortunately, was busy from morning till night, and was quite content to dine with his friend at the club on Sundays, and refresh himself with a talk about Oxford and cricket. Philip, after having for many years of his life looked up to Walter with reverence and some little awe, now found their respective positions reversed, and was rather disposed to patronize his former protector, who was only a clerk in a bank, entirely "out of it" as regarded the gay world, and ridiculously ignorant of London and its ways. Brune would get up and say good-night with a grave face, when Lord Salford dropped in after dinner and proposed to Philip to adjourn to another club, where they could play poker. No doubt he was thinking that Sunday evening might be better employed than in this manner, and that Philip could hardly have been worse employed, on any evening of the week, than in staking his slender purse against Lord Salford's inexhaustible one.

The latter young man used sometimes to allude to Fanny in a way which it could not have been very pleasant for her husband to listen to, and once he threw our poor hero into a cold perspiration by suddenly fixing his little red eyes upon him, and saying, "I believe you know more about her than anybody else, Marescalchi." But this was probably only a random shot; and as Philip kept his countenance, and declared that he had neither seen nor heard of the girl for more than a year, the subject dropped, and there seemed little fear of his secret being discovered.

The discovery of such secrets as his can, however, only be a question of time; and, considering how few precautions Philip had thought it necessary to take, it was rather strange that he should have been able to remain a matter of two months in Conduit Street without any of his friends suspecting him of being a married man. One old friend found him out at last in the simplest and most natural manner in the world.

Colonel Kenyon, after having been baked and enervated for ten years in the Madras presidency, had been sent by a considerate country to recruit himself on

the heights of Shorncliffe, where the wind is always in the east, except when it blows a strong gale from the south-west, and where the general aspect of things during the winter time is about as cheerful as that of a central Asian steppe. Pinched and shivering in this high-lying region, and brooding daily over the puzzle of existence and the hardships of a soldier's life, the poor man would have been almost inclined to gratify several promising brother officers by resigning his commission, had not a letter from Longbourne come, from time to time, to cheer him up. These communications were at first somewhat stiff and formal; but as the replies which they elicited were quite as constrained in character, and a great deal more awkward, it was but natural that Margaret should try to make some advance towards the renewal of a friendship so unhappily disturbed, and to show that she, on her side, was ready to forgive and forget. Thus by degrees the tone of this long-sustained correspondence slipped back into its accustomed groove, and before the year was out, Hugh could look forward to receiving his weekly budget of news just as of old.

It was in the month of January that Margaret for the first time informed him of Philip's change of plans. She had not mentioned it before, she said, because she had not felt quite at liberty to do so; "and I should not mention it now," she added, "only that I know I am perfectly safe in telling you anything; and I should so very much like to hear what you think of it all. Do you ever go up to London for a day or two? If you do, I wish you would try to see Philip one day at the — Club, and let me know how he is looking, and whether he seems in good spirits about himself. I don't like to bother him with questions; but I have felt uneasy about him lately. He writes very seldom, and he never came to see me at Christmas, though it had been arranged that he was to come down for a week. I give you full leave to laugh at me; but I can't help having a feeling that something is wrong," — etc., etc.

Colonel Kenyon did not laugh. He thought it exceedingly likely that something might be wrong, and for his own part was not particularly anxious to find out what that something might be. It is not pleasant to pry into the private affairs of one's neighbors, nor is it pleasant to be the bearer of bad news. He did not, however, suffer these considerations to weigh with him, but, like the docile slave that he was, took a return-ticket to Lon-

don, and presented himself at Philip's club that same afternoon. Mr. Marescalchi was not there, and the colonel, having only a few hours to spare, asked for his address. This was readily given to him by the porter, who had not been told to observe any secrecy in the matter; and so it came to pass that Colonel Kenyon reached Conduit Street just in time to see Philip step out of a hired brougham, followed by a young lady, who carried a baby in her arms. The young lady Hugh at once recognized as the same whom he had encountered in Philip's company on a former occasion, and the presence of the baby was a fact the significance of which there was no misinterpreting. The whole truth flashed instantly into the intelligence of the astounded spectator.

"Oh, you unspeakable young ass!" he muttered; "you have done for yourself now, and no mistake. Mercy upon us! how am I to tell Margaret of this? I won't tell her — I'll be hanged if I will! Let the young beggar do it himself. The question is, shall I go and have it out with him, or shall I wash my hands of the whole business?"

While Hugh was standing doubting on the pavement, Philip and Fanny had entered the house. Neither of them had noticed, in the gloom of the winter afternoon, the tall figure that had remained motionless within a few yards of them as they hurried in out of the cold. The colonel took two turns up and down the street, and considered of it. Finally he decided that he would not attempt to see Philip that day. It would hardly be fair, and it would certainly be most embarrassing, to walk straight into the presence of Mrs. Philip; moreover, a man must have a little time to prepare himself for interviews of this disagreeable kind. No; he would come up to town another day, and try the club again; and in the mean time surely he was not bound to tell Margaret what he had accidentally seen.

Now it so happened that a series of trivial accidents prevented Colonel Kenyon from carrying out his intention as speedily as he could have wished. To begin with, he was short of officers, having good-naturedly allowed too many of them to go away on leave. Then the general commanding the district took it into his head unexpectedly to hold a field-day. Then came three courts-martial within a few days of each other; and then occurred the vexatious case of Driver Jennings.

Driver Jennings, a mild-mannered man, having obtained permission to remain at Folkestone till midnight in order to soothe the last moments of an aged relative, returned to camp, very drunk, at an advanced hour, and was seized with a notion that it might contribute to the general hilarity if he were to "set the 'ole blooming place afire." He accordingly collected many furze-faggots, piled them up as neatly as could have been expected from one in his condition, applied matches and paper to the bottom of the structure, and then proceeded to lie down upon the top of it himself, like an Indian widow. Here he would doubtless have perished miserably, had he not been dragged off by the heels, in a somewhat charred condition, by Colonel Kenyon himself, close to whose door this *auto-da-fé* had been kindled. A very pretty blaze was by this time lighting up the surrounding district; and although no great damage was done, the whole camp had turned out to extinguish the flames, and Driver Jennings was led away, weeping bitterly, to be locked up. The whole affair gave the good colonel much annoyance; for the man had been his own servant, and between Jennings drunk and Jennings sober there was all the difference in the world. Moreover, Mrs. Jennings washed for him, and there were numerous little Jenningses. He therefore felt bound to remain upon the spot, and see what could be done in a quiet way towards mitigating the punishment due to so heinous an offence; and so, with one thing and another, a fortnight slipped away before Colonel Kenyon again inquired for Philip at his club. Once more he was disappointed of finding the object of his search; and this time the porter added that he had not seen Mr. Marescalchi for three or four days, and believed he must be out of town.

Hugh sighed, and walked straight off to Conduit Street, inwardly hoping that the porter's conjecture might prove correct. Should it be so, he would have done all that could be required of him, and might write to Margaret explaining that he had failed to discover anything about the young man, good, bad, or indifferent.

However, the fat landlady who opened the door for him said yes; Mr. Marescalchi was at home.

"And — er — Mrs. Marescalchi?" asked the colonel hesitatingly.

"Yes, sir; they're both in. But I don't know as they'd care for to see any one."

The woman's eyes were red, and her tone was so lugubrious that Hugh naturally asked whether anything was the matter.

"Oh, dear me, yes, sir; they've had a sad misfortune, pore things. The dear little baby was took with convulsions day before yesterday, sir, and died in a few hours. Such a fine, healthy child too! — but you never can tell how 'twill go with their first teeth; and 'tis the will of Heaven, which we must all submit to."

"God bless my soul! I am very sorry to hear this," said the tender-hearted Hugh, much concerned. "It must be a terrible blow to — to the poor mother."

He had had time to reflect, rather unjustly, that the calamity was not one which would be likely to afflict Philip very much.

"Ah, you may say that, sir. And to Mr. Marescalchi too, pore gentleman! — he do take on terrible about it. Should I just mention as you was here, sir? It might cheer him up like to see a friend."

"No thank you — no," answered Hugh hurriedly. "Under the circumstances, it would be better not. No, I won't leave a card; I — it's of no consequence. Call again, you know." And he retreated hastily, leaving the landlady with a strong suspicion in her mind that the millinery-looking gentleman was a dun in disguise.

It being now beyond a doubt that Philip Marescalchi was married, was it Colonel Kenyon's duty to write and inform Margaret of the fact? Readers may judge for themselves upon the point, which is one that seems to admit of a diversity of opinion. Hugh considered it carefully during a whole night and day, and then arrived at the conclusion that he might hold his peace. Rightly or wrongly, he had a very strong feeling that there was something underhand in surprising another man's secrets; and he could not help hoping that, with a little judicious pressure, Philip might be induced to tell his own tale — which would be so much the better solution of the difficulty.

It was with this end in view that he penned a laboriously ambiguous missive, in which he told Margaret that he had not managed to see Philip, but that, from certain rumors which had come to his ears, he was inclined to think that there was ground for her misgivings, and that something had gone wrong. But she must not alarm herself, he added, nor imagine that things were worse than they were. It

was quite possible that he might have formed a mistaken notion; and, in short, the best thing she could do was to write to the young man himself, and urge him to make a clean breast of it.

The perversity of women is at the root of nine-tenths of the worries which make this world such an uncomfortable place to live in. When Margaret read Hugh's well-meant letter, she said to herself that people had no business to make accusations, unless they were prepared to substantiate them; that she was not going to force herself upon Philip's confidence; that Hugh was a great deal too ready to suspect evil, and that she was sorry she had ever written to him about the matter. And for some time after this there was a marked coolness in the letters that were addressed to our patient colonel at Shorncliffe.

CHAPTER XIX.

SIGNORA TOMMASINI.

THE old gentleman who lodged on the second floor in Conduit Street might go to bed as early as he pleased now, without any fear of his rest being disturbed by noise of laughter from below. Those merry evenings were gone and done with: they were as dead as the poor little dead baby who lay six feet deep in Kensal Green — as dead as the last century — as dead as yesterday. Life is nothing else than perpetual death and birth, gain and loss; "that which hath been is now; and that which is to be hath already been." Mirth and sorrow come and go, and are forgotten; and perhaps, if we would admit it, grief is the shortest-lived of all our passions.

But that is what no one can bear to acknowledge; and Philip and his wife were firmly persuaded that they would never be merry together any more in the old fashion, never any more be tickled by the old jokes (which, to be sure, had not been intrinsically excellent), never recover the happiness, the thoughtlessness, the childishness which had been so suddenly swept out of their lives. And it so chanced that they were right; though the causes of the present and future change were not what they supposed or could foresee. If the second-floor lodger had listened attentively in the silence of the night, his ear might have caught a faint echo of other and sadder sounds, arising from his neighbors' drawing-room, than those to which he had become accustomed. The landlady, who was not exempt from the

failings of landladies in general, and saw no great sin in standing rather close to a shut door, told her husband that she could hear "them pore Marescalchis crying and sobbing, night after night, as if their pore hearts 'd break," and added that it broke her own heart to listen to them. Her heart, however, continued to perform its functions much as usual; as did that of one, at least, of the mourners, who stopped crying at the end of ten days or so. A man can't go on weeping forever; and perhaps there are not a great many men in the world who would weep over a dead baby even for so long a time as ten days. Philip's temperament being what it was, sorrow was an emotion in which he could indulge just so long as there was something pleasurable in it, and no longer. When it grew painful, weary, monotonous, he began to seek for relief from it just as naturally as he would have looked about him for sticking-plaster if he had cut his finger. He picked up the thread of his daily life again where he had let it fall; and surely no reasonable person can blame him for doing what all reasonable persons urge their friends to do under such circumstances.

But poor Fanny was by no means reasonable at this time. Had she been in her ordinary condition of mind and body, she would have been the first to acknowledge that her husband's loss was not, and could not be, as great as hers; but she was out of health, her spirits were broken and her nerves shattered; and so it came to pass that community of misfortune, which often reunites estranged couples, had the melancholy effect of creating a breach between this husband and wife, who had hitherto been the best of friends. The original fault, it must be acknowledged, lay with Fanny. She made it a great grievance that Philip declined to wear mourning; although he pointed out to her how hazardous it would be for him to appear in black without any ostensible reason for so doing. He ought not to have minded running that risk, she thought; she, who would have taken it as a matter of course if her husband had considered it prudent to pass her without recognition in the street; she who had already, by reason of her ambiguous position, been forced to bear a hundred petty indignities which she never spoke of, could not forgive this imaginary slight to the memory of her dead child. In the same way, she did not complain, either in word or in thought, of being left alone all day; but it did seem to her a terrible and

unnatural thing that her husband should be able to go to the club, to resume his singing lessons, and to show himself at dinners and concerts just as usual. Philip, in short, ceased to be infallible in her eyes; and that was a pity for both their sakes.

If there was one thing that Mr. Marescalchi hated more than another, it was settled gloom. A violent outburst of grief he could understand and participate in; but a phase of affliction which expressed itself in gazing blankly for a whole afternoon at a baby's frock or a pair of tiny shoes was altogether beyond the range of his sympathies. It was by virtue of her constant cheerfulness that Fanny had maintained her hold upon him so long as she had done. Now that she was no longer cheerful, no longer cared to hear about the outer world, no longer laughed with him, and often forgot to flatter him, she became simply a dull and rather vulgar little woman, whose good looks were fading away daily, and who had absolutely no intellectual charms to supply their place. He did not actually say this to himself; but he felt it; and he felt, too, as he had never done before, what a terrible mistake he had made in marrying beneath him. He shuddered when he thought of the future which he had laid up for himself; for, careless as he was, he did sometimes think of this now. He could not help wondering how it would have been if he had done as he believed he might have done, and engaged himself to Nellie Brune. Margaret had been writing to him a good deal about her lately, mentioning with transparent artfulness that the girl seemed depressed and unlike herself. The inference was obvious and it was not displeasing to Philip. Depressed?—well, no doubt she might be a little depressed; but it would be in a modified and interesting fashion, he thought. Nellie was not the girl to mope, like some others whom he knew of. Wasn't it essentially plebeian to mope? Well-bred people control their emotions, keep their troubles under lock and key, and do not obtrude them upon the world, which naturally cares not a straw whether they have troubles or not; and Nellie was unquestionably well-bred. He had certainly been very much in love with her at one time; perhaps he had never really been in love with any one else. Now that he came to think of it, he was almost sure that he never had been. Supposing—there was no harm in supposing impossibilities—that he had been engaged to

her now, how different everything would have been! What an interest she would have taken in his prospects! how she would have stirred him up to work! No one knew so well as Nellie did the way to apply that gentle goad of which his languid energies stood in need. And then, when the victory was won, and money was pouring in by the sackful on the gifted *primo tenore*, what a wife she would have made! — a wife of whom any man might be proud. "Whoever Nellie's future husband may be, he'll be a deuced lucky chap, and I congratulate him in advance," says Philip to himself with much magnanimity.

He used to turn these things over in his mind as he sat by the domestic hearth, with Fanny staring at the baby's shoes opposite to him. When he was away from home he had other things to think about, and probably forgot that there were such persons as Mrs. Marescalchi and Miss Brune in existence. This outer life of his continued to be a gay one; though it also had its own troubles. The result of high play with Lord Salford and other young men of his calibre was what it generally is when earthen vessels essay to whirl down stream in company with brazen ones. Philip was not particularly unlucky; but when he won he spent his winnings, and when he lost there was apt to be a little difficulty about paying. He was not, of course, called upon to hand over the amount due in any hurry; but Lord Salford, who always paid punctually himself, was not so pleasant as he might have been to those who remained in his debt, and was given to reminding them of how matters stood in a business-like way which Philip, for one, did not relish. Salford had a habit of pulling out a note-book, every evening, as he sat down to the card-table, and beginning with: "Now let's see; you haven't paid me for three weeks. I make out that I'm so and so to the good. Just look and see if that's right, will you?"

"Oh, it's all right, old fellow; deal away," Philip would answer hastily; but Lord Salford would not be put off like that.

"Ah, but you look and see if you make it the same as I do," he would persist. "I like to start square; because sometimes — don't you know? — fellows will tell you they don't remember things — don't you know?"

Philip used to long to kick Lord Salford when he made insinuations of this kind; but he couldn't afford to kick his friend, as perhaps that amiable nobleman was

aware; so he had to grin and bear it. Considering how high the stakes were, he pulled through better than might have been expected. Fortune favored him sometimes; and Margaret sent him another cheque — that being the most practical answer that she could discover to Colonel Kenyon's warning letter — which tided him over a bad week. And then, from time to time, he was favored with a loan by a friend of whom a few words must now be said.

Signora Tommasini had been for so many years known to the public under that designation that her friends had long ago given up addressing her as Mrs. Thompson. It must be presumed that there had been a Mr. Thompson once upon a time; but no one had ever seen him or recollected to have heard his widow mention his name; nor perhaps was it generally remembered that she was an Englishwoman by birth; for in her wanderings about the world she had picked up many foreign customs and languages, and was indeed accustomed to say of herself that she was a cosmopolitan. Her great triumphs lay in the past; though she had not yet ceased to gather laurels, nor (which may have been a more important matter in her eyes) to receive handsome salaries. She had once had the finest contralto voice, and had been one of the handsomest women, in Europe; and, though so much as this could no longer be said for her, there were people who still maintained that she was unapproachable in "The Huguenots," while as for her face, there were no more wrinkles discernible upon it, when seen from beyond the footlights, than there had been twenty years before. The portliness of her person rendered her, it is true, a somewhat incredible Africaine to the artistic eye, but on the other hand she made a very imposing Azucena. In private life she was a most good-natured, lively, and agreeable person, fond of amusement, fond of society, given to a profuse style of living and careless of her money, after the traditional fashion of great singers. Many a struggling colleague had had reason to be grateful for her generosity, and no one had ever accused her of jealousy of her younger rivals, towards whom she was accustomed to bear herself with a great deal of kindly sympathy. It would hardly, however, have been in human nature that she should take quite so hearty an interest in the rising young women as in the rising young men, and it was as a member of the latter class that she had first no-

ticed Philip and sought his acquaintance. The acquaintance, once made, ripened quickly into a warm friendship; insomuch that Philip, who loved feminine admiration more than anything in the world, had been encouraged to let Signora Tommasini into the great secret that he was studying for the stage. After this he had proceeded, as time went on, to tell her of other things — of everything, indeed, that there was to tell about himself, barring the trifling circumstance of his marriage — and had found her an exceedingly cheering and comforting confidante.

"She is in love with you, that fat woman," Herr Steinberger would growl scornfully. "One of these fine days she will marry you; and then you will work no more. No! you will live upon her money for a few years, and then her voice will go, and then you will both of you starve in a garret. Or perhaps she will grind an organ in the streets, and you will dance, instead of the monkey — ho! ho!"

There was a Teutonic heaviness about Steinberger's pleasantries which might have irritated some people; but Philip took them very good-humoredly. He rather prided himself upon being able to stand chaff; and, for that matter, Herr Steinberger was not the only one who rallied him upon the stout signora's evident partiality, and predicted that she would either lead him to the altar or bring an action for breach of promise against him before all was over. He himself partly believed that she had a weakness for his handsome person, and used sometimes to laugh with Fanny over the extravagant compliments which she was in the habit of paying him, and which he rather unkindly repeated. After the baby's death, when things were so sad and dreary at home, he had solaced himself with a good deal of the signora's society, and had even been led, as we have seen, to give her so true a token of friendship as to dip into her purse upon occasion.

Signora Tommasini was at this time fulfilling an engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre, where a winter opera season was going on, and was living in a gorgeous suite of apartments on the first floor of a fashionable hotel. In these Philip spent much of his spare time, being sometimes alone with their occupant, who had graciously given him to understand that he was at liberty to knock at her door at any hour of the day, and sometimes one among a crowd of free-and-easy visitors. Philip availed himself liberally of the permission

accorded to him; for the Bohemian company which he encountered in this way diverted him immensely, and he had a sincere liking for his open-handed and impulsive hostess. In his heart he thought her rather an old fool; but then he thought that of so many people whom he liked.

One evening towards the end of January Philip, having, for a wonder, no engagement, went to the opera to see Signora Tommasini in the "Favorita." He made his entrance between the first and second acts, and recognized many acquaintances in different parts of the house, though none happened to be seated within speaking distance of his stall. This he was not sorry for; for he was in a melancholy vein and did not feel disposed for social intercourse. He sat down, and began wondering what would become of him if a run of ill-luck which had pursued him for more than a week should continue much longer. He already owed a large sum to Lord Salford — a sum so large that it made him sick to think of it, and that he was almost inclined to resolve upon abandoning play altogether, when once he should have pulled back his losses. Unfortunately, this process of "pulling back" was sure to be a slow and precarious one, and it might at any time be checked if Lord Salford should suddenly discover — as he was by no means unlikely to do — that he had had enough of London, and was going in for hunting by way of a change. That, Philip was very much afraid, would mean settling, or at all events a confession of inability to settle. Contemplated from any point of view, the outlook was not a cheerful one, and he was growing very mournful over it when the sound of his own name, pronounced close to his ear, recalled him to the present.

"Marescalchi — Philip Marescalchi, the man who acts, don't you know? They say he's going to marry the old girl."

"Marry the Tommasini! Well, there's no accounting for tastes."

"My good fellow, it ain't a question of taste. It's neck or nothing with him."

"Oh, I see — wants the coin, eh? Who is Marescalchi, by the way? Know him at all?"

Philip glanced over his shoulder, and saw in the row of stalls behind him two specimens of the modern type of juvenile precocity, whose smooth, vacuous moon-faces, surmounting very stiff collars, were entirely unknown to him. He was rather amused, therefore, when the first speaker answered calmly, —

"Know him? oh, yes, I know him. He's the sort of man who goes everywhere now. His father was — let me see; what was his father? Something in the City, I think. Left him thirty thousand pounds, which he made precious short work of. Hasn't a penny now."

"What's he living on, then?"

"Oh, if you come to that, what are half the fellows one knows living on? He does a little bit of Mister Jew, I expect; but that sort of game can't be carried on long when you're nobody's heir, you know. Owes a good lot too, I believe, here and there. Salford has cleaned him out of something like ten thousand, and can't get him to pay up. I suppose Marescalchi thinks it's about time for him to marry his grandmother — no fool either!"

"Well, I can't understand a fellow selling himself like that," says the second youth, who was perhaps a little less sophisticated than his companion.

"Oh, it don't do to be too particular. Tommy isn't half a bad sort, and she was a deuced good-looking woman in her time," replies the other man of the world, who could hardly have been out of the nursery at the epoch alluded to. "Got any amount of the needful too. Careful old soul, old Tommy; been saving up these twenty years," he continues. "Gad! I'd marry her myself if she'd ask me."

The rising of the curtain put an end to this dialogue, the greater part of which had caused Philip more amusement than annoyance. He had no objection to the innocent gossip of these young gentlemen; only that allusion to his losses at play had not been agreeable to him. "What a cad Salford is!" he thought angrily. "If only I can get it back to even money, I'll never sit down to a card-table with him again as long as I live."

But it was principally in order to banish Lord Salford and cards from his recollection that Philip had betaken himself to the theatre; and feats of that kind were generally well within his capacity. This evening he achieved his object with the greater ease because he had a genuine appreciation of musical talent, and because Signora Tommasini happened to be singing her very best. Her rendering of "*O mio Fernando*" was worthy of her most palmy days, and by no one in the audience was she applauded more rapturously than by her young friend in the stalls, upon whom she had already contrived to bestow a gracious smile of recognition. The English public, which likes artists of well-established renown, and is

kinder to favorites who have grown old in its service than any other public in the world, never failed to accord a warm welcome to Signora Tommasini; and she was greeted with prolonged clapping from all parts of the house when she came before the curtain, at the end of the act, to bow her acknowledgments.

A lady to whose box Philip paid a passing visit handed him her bouquet, and begged him to throw it to "that dear Tommasini;" adding, with a meaning smile, "She will value it the more coming from your hand."

"What, you too!" cried Philip. "I have just overheard an individual who says he knows me intimately — though I never to my knowledge set eyes on him before — telling his brother booby that I am about to espouse my dear old fat friend; and now you are going to put me to open ridicule by making me cast these flowers at her feet in the presence of a whole theatre-full of people."

"I won't ask you to go through such an ordeal as that," said the lady laughing. "Give me them back."

"Oh, I don't mind," answered Philip; "I'm not shy." And accordingly he did throw the bouquet at the end of the final duet.

It was quite true that he was not shy; yet he might perhaps have stayed his hand if he had anticipated the little scene that was to follow. He had intended that his bouquet should be launched just before the fall of the curtain; but in this he had calculated without the audience, which loudly demanded an encore; and when the signora advanced, all smiles, to gratify this legitimate wish, what must she needs do but select Philip's flowers from among a host of others, and press them against that part of her ample bodice beneath which her heart might be supposed to be fluttering, while she threw a killing glance at the donor. The poor lady probably meant no harm by this gesture, which she must have indulged in many hundreds of times before; but under all the circumstances it was a trifle embarrassing. Philip was aware that during the succeeding few minutes he was being gazed at by a great number of inquisitive eyes, and he was not sorry when it was all over. He had, however, the gratification of turning round and facing the well-informed youth behind him, who had by this time evidently discovered the identity of his neighbor, and who looked exceedingly hot and uncomfortable.

Philip sauntered out, whistling "*O mio Fernando*" softly, and presently went behind the scenes to congratulate Signora Tommasini on her triumph. After a time she came out of her dressing-room, and gave a cry of satisfaction on recognizing him.

"Ah! this is lucky," she exclaimed; "you are just the person whom I wanted to meet. Let me drive you home, and we can talk as we go. I saw Lord — today, and he was asking about you, and said he wished to make your acquaintance. You know he is a man who can do a great deal for people whom he fancies. He seemed to have an idea that you thought of the stage; I didn't tell him; but he said he had heard a rumor of it. He asked why you did not go to Italy. Why don't you go to Italy? I shall be singing at Naples and Florence in the spring; and if you were there at the same time, I could introduce you to all the musical people, and to your native country into the bargain. You ought to see Florence in May; there is no city like it in the world. Were you pleased with me to-night? I suppose you were, or you would not have thrown me those beautiful flowers. I have brought them away with me, you see."

Signora Tommasini's idea of conversation was of rather a one-sided kind. Her ideas moved even more quickly than her tongue, and she was forever pouring out a stream of queries, without ever expecting any answer, or listening to it if she obtained one. However, just as she was stepping into her brougham, she put one question which demanded a prompt and definite reply.

"By-the-bye," said she suddenly, "where do you live? You have never mentioned your address to me."

"And don't mean to mention it now," said Philip to himself. He added aloud, "Oh, I'm not going home yet. You might set me down at the club, if it wouldn't be taking you too much out of your way."

"How mysterious you are!" cried the signora reproachfully, as they drove off; "you never tell me anything."

"Never tell you anything! Haven't I laid bare the innermost secrets of my soul to you? Haven't I confessed to you what I have never breathed a word of to any one else — about my losses at cards, I mean?"

"Ah, those cards!" sighed the signora, falling into the trap, and forgetting all about her immediate subject of com-

plaint; "how I wish I could induce you to give them up! You are going to your club to play now, I suppose."

"Only for half an hour or so before I go to bed. According to all the rules of chance, my luck ought to be on the turn now, and I can't afford to lose time."

"I wish you would amuse yourself in some other way; I wish you would not play with Lord Salford. He is not a nice young man, that. I hear more than you might suppose, and I hear that he says unpleasant things about you."

"I know he does, confound him!" cried Philip; "but what can I do? It's a case of pay or play; and as I can't pay, why I —"

"You think you must keep on playing — I know! And when you have won your money back, if you ever do, he will want his revenge; and so it will go on until one of you is ruined. And it is not very difficult to guess which one that is likely to be. I am an impertinent old woman, am I not?"

"You are not in the least impertinent, and you are certainly not old," said Philip.

"Don't talk nonsense," returned the signora, not ill-pleased. "Anybody can see that I am old and fat; but I am glad you don't think me impertinent. I want to be your friend —"

"You have shown yourself to be so," put in Philip.

"And friends must be allowed to claim some privileges. Now, will you make me a promise?"

"A hundred if you like."

"One will be enough for the present; only you must not break it. Will you promise that, if you should find yourself in sudden need of a sum of ready money, you will come to me? I am one of those people who always have lots of ready money — more than they know what to do with."

"My dear Signora Tommasini —"

"My dear Mr. Marescalchi, if we are to be friends, one of us may very well accept a loan of a few hundred pounds from the other. You will owe the money to me, instead of to Lord Salford, that is all. You will pay me as soon as you would have paid him; and in the mean time I shall not go about London telling everybody that you are in my debt. Here is your club. Good-night; and don't forget our bargain."

And the signora, who had a powerful arm, pushed Philip out on to the pavement, and slammed the door of the

brougham before he could utter a word of answer or protest.

He mounted the steps, half touched, half amused, saying to himself that women were strange creatures, and entered the club, where he found Salford and some others, as he had expected to do. They sat down to play at once; and if Philip, with whom things went extraordinarily well, had gone home at the end of the first hour, he would have wiped off nearly the half of his debt. But he was unwilling to desert his luck, and stayed on for another hour, thereby losing all that he had gained. This would not do at all; so he remained yet another hour, and finally rose up the winner of a small sum.

From The Fortnightly Review.
CHARLES DICKENS.

It is stated, and on the very best authority, that within the twelve years that have passed since Dickens's death no less than four million two hundred and thirty-nine thousand volumes of his works have been sold in England alone! A long way the first on this astonishing list stands "Pickwick," while "David Copperfield," the second, is almost equally far in front of "Dombey and Son;" "Little Dorrit" has found nearly as many readers as "Martin Chuzzlewit," while, with the exception of "Edwin Drood," "The Tale of Two Cities" and "Great Expectations" take the lowest place. Nor has his popularity been confined to England or to English-speaking people. French, German, and Italian, Russian and Swedish translations of his works appeared during his lifetime; when he was still but a young man the pages of "Boz" were devoured, we have been told, with enthusiasm in Silesian villages; "Pickwick," it is said, and on no less circumstantial authority, was found equal, when all else failed, to the task of soothing the sleepless nights of Mehemet Ali; Mr. Forster has published a story of a strange, half-human recluse who had built his cell amid the eternal snows of the Sierra Nevada, and who found in "Pickwick" and in "Nicholas Nickleby" the only intercourse with humanity that he desired. If it were true, as has been said by one who has certainly managed to refute his own words,* if it were true that present popularity is the only safe presage of future glory, what an

eternity of glory should await Charles Dickens!

And yet present popularity, a vogue, how brilliant and irresistible soever it may be, or what manner of prologue it may furnish to future glory, is quite another matter from that glory itself, from the real definitive glory, the one thing, as M. Renan tells us, which has the best chance of not being altogether vanity. That posterity will regard Dickens as he was regarded in his lifetime, or even as we now regard him, is of course out of the question. "To the public," said Professor Ward, in a lecture delivered at Manchester in the year of Dickens's death, "to the public his faults were often inseparable from his merits; and when our critical consciences told us that he was astray in one of his favorite directions, the severest censure we had for him was that he was growing 'more like himself' than ever." That the critical conscience of posterity will have far severer censure for Dickens than this one cannot doubt, nor indeed can any one thoughtful for the fame of English literature desire that it should not. "No man," it has been well said, "can trust himself to speak of his own time and of his own contemporaries with the same sureness of judgment and the same proportion as of times and men gone by." Even Goethe could not criticise Byron as he criticised Shakespeare or Molière. Not, indeed, that Dickens rested from criticism during his lifetime. So sudden and universal a popularity as his, so original, so self-contained and self-reliant a genius, could not but attract criticism, or what often passes by the name of criticism among contemporaries, both kindly and otherwise. He found, indeed, plenty of both, but all or almost all the criticism he encountered in his lifetime took a bias of one kind or other, the bias of enthusiasm or the bias of opposition, the one perhaps an irresistible consequence of the other—the enthusiasm seeing all things in him because of his marvellous popularity, the opposition seeing nothing in him but that popularity, which, according to its wont, it made every effort to explain away. Neither bias is, of course, so strong now, and particularly the bias of opposition, which is in most cases the soonest counteracted by death. Nevertheless, to form a just estimate of his work, to weigh its merits and its defects and to strike a balance between them, is still perhaps impossible, must certainly, even for us of a later generation, be very difficult. Brought up, as

* Jeffrey.

most of us have been, in the faith of Dickens, whose earliest laughter has been stirred by Sam Weller and Dick Swiveller and Mr. Micawber, whose earliest tears have flowed for the sordid wretchedness of David Copperfield's forlorn childhood, or for Florence Dombey toiling up the "great wide vacant stairs," with her brother in her arms, and singing as she goes—who have stolen trembling after Jonas Chuzzlewit through that awful wood, or stared with face as pale as Pip himself at that grim midnight visitor in the lonely Temple chambers; to such it must surely seem little short of profanity to consider too curiously the old familiar pages, to stand afar off, contemplating with cold, impartial scrutiny the old familiar figures, as though, like Trabb's boy, we did not know them.

And besides such sentimental hindrances, the temporary and, as one may say, local hindrances to all criticism, there are others which must always render more than commonly difficult, if indeed possible at all, an absolute judgment on works of fiction which deal so primarily, if not wholly, with the emotions as do the works of Dickens. "It is impossible to resist feeling," said George Henry Lewes, ten years ago in this very review, in his paper on Dickens which moved the scandalized Forster almost to vituperation, "it is impossible to resist feeling. If an author makes me laugh, he is humorous; if he makes me cry, he is pathetic. In vain will any one tell me that such a picture is not laughable, is not pathetic; or that I am wrong in being moved." There are no doubt some passages in imaginative writing which one may fairly say *should* stir the heart of every man. One could hardly, for example, think very nobly of the soul of him who could read how Priam knelt at the feet of Achilles, "and kissed those hands, the terrible, the murderous, which had slain so many of his sons,"* without feeling that he was in the presence of a more than common sorrow; or who could not recognize the incomparable pathos that breathes in such verse as

Do not laugh at me,
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Nevertheless, with works of a lower class, with works rather of the fancy than the imagination, we cannot in reason quarrel either with those who indulge in

the "luxury of woe" over passages which leave ourselves unmoved, or with those who can read dry-eyed the words which unlock for us "the sacred source of sympathetic tears." And so with Dickens's humor. It is conceivable that human souls exist who do not laugh at Dick Swiveller or Mrs. Gamp. We should not, some of us, perhaps care greatly for travelling in far countries with such, or for passing many hours in commune with them anywhere; but it would be vain to attempt to demonstrate to them that they should laugh, or to insist upon regarding them as lost to all sense of literary or artistic decency because they did not. Wordsworth could find Voltaire dull; and what Carlyle thought of Charles Lamb we all know.

Of course, with the other qualities or characteristics of Dickens's work, as of all work—his powers of description, for example, of observation, his powers of narration and composition, his style and his literary workmanship generally—the case will be different. But these two, the qualities of humor and of pathos, so largely predominate all his work, that it seems to me almost impossible for any judgment to be *absolute*, to use Lewes's phrase; it must, I think, be *individual*. Still, from many individual judgments a deduction may perhaps be made which, though not in itself absolute, nor even tending to the absolute, yet may be of avail in promoting a sounder estimate, in counteracting the bias both of enthusiasm and opposition.

Merely personal considerations, that "soul of good nature and kindness," which Mr. Matthew Arnold has found so irresistible in "David Copperfield," and which his friends loved so wisely and so well in the man, largely as such influences must always inform contemporary judgment, will not avail with posterity, nor is it right that they should. Despite M. Scherer's high recommendation, the historical method of criticism, the "analysis of the writer's character and the study of his age," will not really insure the "right understanding" of his work. It may enable us, no doubt, to *account* for much of his work, but not necessarily to understand, and surely still less to judge it. It will help us often to understand how the particular good comes to be so good, and the bad so bad; but to assist us in discriminating the good and bad it must surely be of little worth. Nevertheless, a clear knowledge of Dickens's life and character, of his age and his position

* Iliad xxiv. 478-9.

with regard to his age—to which knowledge Mr. Forster's very full biography, ardent admirer and affectionate friend as he was, must always largely contribute—will go far to explain and to account for many things in his writings which may puzzle posterity, which would certainly puzzle a posterity which had derived its knowledge only from that other friend of his who has described him as “followed, admired, courted, lionized, almost idolized, by almost all that was wealthy and dignified and beautiful in society.” It will go far, for instance, to account for the extraordinary one-sidedness and the consequent ineffectualness of so much of his satire, and especially of his satire on the governing classes and the upper classes of society generally. It will go far to explain whence it happens that, despite his own disclaimer of “placing in opposition those two words, aristocracy and people,” he yet seems so often unable to resist the temptation of the contrast, and always, or nearly always, to the disadvantage of the former; to explain whence it comes, though he has avowed that he “would not on any account deprive either of a single just right belonging to it,” that the rights of the one seem to him so much more just, so much more certain than the rights of the other. “I believe,” he said, speaking at Boston during his first visit to America, “I believe that virtue dwells rather oftener in alleys and byways than she does in courts and palaces.” A judicious use of the historical method will no doubt help to explain the grounds for this belief, to explain the lack of firmness in the step, of keenness in the eye, of sureness in the touch, as he gets farther away from the alleys and byways, and nearer to the courts and palaces; but to say that this method will be necessary to enable the reader to *detect* the faults which arise from the prevalence of these sentiments, and their too aggressive advocacy, is surely to attribute to him an incapacity for judging which no method of criticism hitherto revealed to man could really hope to counteract. Professor Ward has told us in his interesting and sensible little book,* that there was “something singular in the admiration that Dickens and Carlyle felt for one another.” He has pointed out how many are the proofs in the former's works of his “readiness to accept the teachings of one whom he declared he would go at all

times farther to see than any man alive.” He has reminded us how Carlyle, after an acquaintance of almost thirty years, spoke of Dickens as a “most cordial, sincere, clear-sighted, quietly decisive, just, and loving man;” and he adds: “There is not one of these epithets but seems well considered and well chosen.” “But,” he also adds, “neither Carlyle nor Dickens possessed a moral quality omitted in this list, the quality of patience, which abhors either ‘quietly’ or ‘loudly’ deciding a question before considering it under all its aspects, and in a spirit of fairness to all sides.” One may observe, perhaps, in passing, that a man who did not possess the patience necessary to consider fairly all sides of a question could not well be called *clear-sighted* in the best sense of the word. But to know this, to know how deep the admiration Dickens felt for Carlyle, and his readiness always to accept the latter's teachings, will no doubt help the future student to *account* for much of Dickens's work, but will hardly help him to judge it.

Again, the historical method, to keep it with us a while longer, may undoubtedly avail to enable the reader to account for that note of extravagance which is too rarely absent from Dickens's work, and which, it seems to me, is likely to tell most strongly against it in the future—the want of a capacity of self-judgment and restraint. He tells us, through the mouth of David Copperfield,* that his two “golden rules” were, “never to put one hand to anything on which I could throw my whole self; and never to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was.” Two golden rules, no doubt, but without the power of seeing and judging that work as it really is, no less certainly capable of leading the workman at times a little astray. We can hardly doubt that they sometimes led Dickens astray. Every one who has read Mr. Forster's biography will remember the exuberant delight with which Dickens recounts the increasing sale of each successive work, without any apparent thought of their respective deserts. That his bad work should sell as well as his good suggested nothing to him, because to him there seemed no difference between the two; the work he was for the moment engaged on was to him the best. “‘Little Dorrit,’” he writes, “has beaten even ‘Bleak House’ out of the field. It is a most tremendous start, and I am overjoyed at it;” and “you

* English Men of Letters: Dickens. By A. W. Ward. Macmillan & Co.

* David Copperfield. Ch. xlii.

know," he adds, "that they sold thirty-five thousand of number two on New Year's day." He can see no reason why this should not be; he sees no distinction, or he does not care to see any, between perhaps the worst book he ever wrote and one which is certainly among his best. We are told that he was extraordinarily sensitive both to praise or blame. No great writer has ever really despised or ignored either, whatever indifference he may have affected in moments of pique; but with Dickens it is clear, from many things Mr. Forster tells us, and from much in his own letters, this only meant that he swallowed every sort of praise and rejected every sort of blame; that, in short, he was rather minded to regard the critics who did not accept all his outpourings unreservedly much as Mr. Micawber regarded his wife's family, as, "in the aggregate, impertinent Snobs; and, in detail, unmitigated Ruffians." We may detect the same note, too, in what Mr. Ward calls his "innocent ecstasies" over the success of his readings, ecstasies which, as Mr. Ward so truly says, would in any other man have furnished him with inexhaustible subjects for parody. And still more clearly do we find it in his feverish descriptions to Forster of the manner in which he flung himself into his characters, and of the reality which their counterfeited emotions aroused in him. I will not instance his well-known letter about little Nell, for with that was interwoven the recollection of a real sorrow which removes it without the pale of criticism. But the death of little Paul affected him in an equal manner, and he seems to have regarded it as an equal masterpiece of pathetic writing. "Paul's death," he writes, "has amazed Paris" (it was written in Paris), "and all sorts of people are open-mouthed with admiration;" and elsewhere he is described as throughout the greater part of the night of the day on which it was written wandering about the streets "desolate and sad." As far as the little girl is concerned, perhaps the balance of opinion leans towards Dickens; but certainly nowadays the majority of readers experience a sense mostly of relief at the premature blighting of the other of these two "opening buds." Jeffrey, to be sure, thought it, as Dickens tells us, "the best thing, past, present, and to come;" and, indeed, he himself has told us how he "cried and sobbed over it," and felt his heart "purified by those tears:" but Jeffrey was then, we must remember, in his seventy-fifth year,

and man, when past the threescore years and ten, is apt to be a little *ἀγρίδακρυς*, as Medea says. Again, we find Dickens writing from Genoa, "This book ('The Chimes') has made my face white in a foreign land. My cheeks, which were beginning to fill out, have sunk again; my eyes have grown immensely large; my hair is very lank; and the head inside the hair is hot and giddy. Read the scene at the end of the third part twice. I wouldn't write it twice for something." Such a diagnosis as this is, perhaps, the most striking instance on record of what Mr. Ruskin has so happily styled the "pathetic fallacy."

All that we know of Dickens forbids us to doubt that he wrote such things in perfect sincerity, and not merely with a view to effect, as so many distinguished men have written to a sympathetic friend in whom they foresaw a future biographer: to doubt that he really was, or — which is practically the same — really believed himself to be, in the mental and bodily condition he has described, whether in sober earnest he was so or not. And with this assurance do we not come at once to the secret of that want of proportion, of the artistic sense of limitation and restraint, which, now showing itself in this phase and now in that, is the one capital defect of Dickens's work? A man who could write about himself as he has so often written to Forster, and write in perfect honesty, could not, one feels, have the shaping power, the control of the true artist so important in all works of the imagination, so vital to an imagination of such astonishing fertility and vividness working without a basis of training and education — an imagination which many, by no means inclined to accept Dickens without reservation, have thought is not to be surpassed outside the works of Shakespeare. And just as Mr. Arnold has shown us how we do not conceive, or should not at least conceive, of Shakespeare as pre-eminently the *great artist* in that sense, which is the real sense, of the word, the sense of "pure and flawless workmanship," so, it seems to me, we cannot properly conceive of Dickens, often as the word has been applied to him, often, no doubt, as it will be. It is not necessary to compare him with Thackeray in the sense in which such comparisons may be said to be odious, to affect to decide which is the greater of two so great writers. Hereafter, of course, such a comparison will have to be made, as it must inevitably be made in the case

of all fellow-workers of importance in any field; but for us now, standing so close to them as we do, it were better, perhaps, to remember the saying of Goethe: "For twenty years the public has been disputing which is the greatest, Schiller or I; and it ought to be glad that it has got a couple of fellows about whom it *can* dispute." Nevertheless, that unthinking partisanship which we so often meet with among the admirers of Dickens, and which "stares tremendous with a threatening eye" at the very name of Thackeray, is surely no less idle. To compare these two men — friends, contemporaries, each working in the same field of letters, to examine their different modes of handling similar, or nearly similar, subjects — to compare them, in short, in the sense of illustrating the one by the other, must surely be as inevitable as it should be fruitful. And so, in thinking of Dickens's position as the *artist*, of the quality of his workmanship, in considering him, if I may coin the word, *architectonically*, there inevitably rises also in one's thoughts the predominance of this quality in Thackeray. Profound as is my admiration for Thackeray, and ever fresh the pleasure with which I go back again and again to his writings, it seems to me impossible to deny that Dickens was the more abundantly gifted of the two; he had, I mean, a larger proportion of the gifts which go to make the writer of fiction, and those he had in which the other was wanting, or possessed, at least, in a less degree, are precisely those which commend themselves most immediately and vividly to the majority of readers, which take soonest hold of the popular imagination and sympathy, and keep them longest. But the true artist's touch, the sense of limitation, of symmetry, the self-control, the sure perception, in a word, of the exact moment when "the rest *should be silence*," which so powerfully impresses us in Thackeray's best work — in such work as "Vanity Fair," and "Esmond," and "Barry Lyndon" — we never, or hardly ever, find in Dickens. And is it not by this quality, in this secret of consummate workmanship, that the novelist has, after all, the best chance of surviving; that the works which show this pre-eminently, or even conspicuously, are likely to keep sweet the longest? The fictions which paint the manners and humors of contemporary life, which deal with portraits rather than with types of humanity, with the individualities of nature rather, and not with her universal and eternal proper-

ties, must inevitably lose, for an age which cannot recognize the fidelity of the painting, cannot, perhaps, comprehend the possibility of fidelity, much of that which once constituted its chiefest charm. But the charm of perfect workmanship can never die. "Tom Jones" will outlive the palace of the Escorial, not because it is a picture of humor and manners, but because it is an *exquisite* picture.

It has been the fashion with us to depreciate M. Taine's criticism of Dickens; and there is, undoubtedly, something comical to an English reader in hearing that Dickens had not "the quality of happiness." English wit, M. Taine says, consists in saying light jests in a solemn manner, and so "Dickens remains grave while drawing his caricatures." Undoubtedly, too, it is a little startling to an Englishman to find that "French taste, *always measured*, revolts against affected strokes and sickly prettinesses;" and to find the critic gravely ignoring the one quality in which to most English readers Dickens stands pre-eminent — the quality of humor; though this, to be sure, will be less inexplicable to those who remember how gravely M. Taine has quoted the cant use among young people of the word *governor*, as an instance of the high authority and dignity with which the father is invested in an English household. But M. Taine's criticism is very far indeed from being all as wayward as this; on the contrary it is often remarkably just and acute. On this defect, for example, this want of controlling and shaping power, he seizes at once, and illustrates it very happily. "In a writer of novels," he says, "the imagination is the master faculty; the art of composition, good taste, appreciation of truth, depend upon it; one degree more of vehemence destroys the style which expresses it, changes the character which it produces, breaks the framework in which it is enclosed. Consider that of Dickens, and you will perceive therein the cause of his faults and his merits, his power and his excess." And the effect of this "one degree more of vehemence" he often points out with signal felicity. He shows how the source of those extraordinary minute descriptions of localities, and of phases of nature — a windy day, a storm, and so forth — which impress the reader at first with what seems their marvellous reality, is in very truth the imagination. We often talk of Dickens's astonishing powers of observation, and astonishing indeed they are; but too often they produce no

more than a half result, because he had not at the same time perception, which is the crucible of observation. His observation kept him constantly supplied with a crude mass of material, on which his imagination worked often with wonderful power and effect, but the capacity for refining this mass, for selecting and shaping it, he had not.

"An imagination," M. Taine says again, "so lucid and energetic cannot but animate inanimate objects without an effort. It provokes in the mind in which it works extraordinary emotions, and the author pours over the objects which he figures to himself something of the ever-willing passions which overflow in him." Mr. Forster has expended a great deal of somewhat clumsy irony in ridiculing this passage, but in truth it is only saying in other words that Dickens had in an eminent degree the temperament which admits the "pathetic fallacy," the temperament, to use Mr. Ruskin's words, "of a mind and body in some sort too weak to deal fully with what is before them; borne away, or overclouded, or over-dazzled by emotion." Mr. Ruskin, it will be remembered, makes use of this phrase, the pathetic fallacy, to point the difference between the ordinary, proper, and true appearance of things to us, and their extraordinary or false appearance when we are under the influence of emotion or contemplative fancy—false appearance, that is to say, as being entirely unconnected with any real power or character in the object, and only imputed to it by us. And this fallacy, he says, is of two kinds—there is the fallacy of wilful fancy, which involves no real expectation that it will be believed; or else it is a fallacy caused by an excited state of the feelings, making us for the time more or less irrational.

It would be easy to fill a volume with instances of this fallacy from Dickens's works. M. Taine gives one from "The Chimes,"* a description of the wind blowing in a church at night, and the famous description of Venice is full of them.† But, indeed, Dickens hardly ever describes the aspects or the workings of nature without having recourse to it, at first unintentionally, as "borne away, or overclouded by emotion;" latterly because he found it very popular (for, as Mr. Ruskin says, much of our favorite

writing, though he is dealing only with poetry, is full of it, and we like it all the more for being so), and because the vividness of his fancy made it very easy to him. For, powerful as his imagination was, his fancy was yet more powerful. In all great writers the fancy at first overbears the imagination; in Shakespeare's early work, for example, in the "Venus and Adonis" and the "Lucrece," the fancy is almost supreme; but with the greatest, in time the imagination prevails. In Dickens, on the contrary, as time wore on, the imagination became weaker, and the calls upon the fancy in consequence more frequent and urgent: instead of the death of Nancy we get the death of Miss Haversham, and Mr. Sapsea instead of Mr. Pecksniff.

Scott, when he describes a scene or an incident, does so in a few broad strokes; Dickens with an extraordinary number of minute touches, each one of astonishing accuracy and fineness, such as would have occurred probably to no other man. In reading Scott we are not at the moment struck with the felicity or the power of any particular touch, but the general impression left upon our imagination is singularly precise and luminous. On the other hand, in reading Dickens, we are continually pausing to wonder at the quickness, the accuracy, the range of his vision, but the general impression is often vague and confusing from this very many-sidedness. He seems, as it were, to see too many things, and to see them all too instantaneously, to allow his reader to get a clear recollection of any one. He catalogues rather than describes. Admirable in their way as are the pictures of the French Revolution in "The Tale of Two Cities," or of the Gordon Riots in "Barnaby Rudge," the impression of them we keep with us as we lay the book down is hardly so clear and strong as the impression left on us, for example, by the description of the death of Porteus in the opening chapter of "The Heart of Midlothian." The most profuse and elaborate embellishments of Dickens's fancy cannot vie with the stern and grand straightforwardness of the incomparable scene in *Wandering Willie's* tale, where Steenie Piper goes down into hell to win the receipt back from his old master.* Hazlitt says somewhere of Crabbe's poetry, that he "describes the interior of a cottage like a person sent there to dis-train for rent." The illustration is not

* The Chimes, first quarter. "For the night wind has a dismal trick of wandering round and round a building of that sort," etc.

† Pictures from Italy; an Italian dream.

* Redgauntlet, letter xi.

inapplicable sometimes to the method of Dickens.

And yet at other times how large and free that method can be in painting scene or incident! Here, as elsewhere, Dickens can himself supply the antidote no less surely than the bane. He himself can show us how differently he works when he is describing, as M. Taine says, like Scott, "to give his reader a map, and to lay down the locality of his drama;" and when "struck with a certain spectacle, he is transported, and breaks out into unforeseen figures." If any one will turn to "Great Expectations" and read the description of that fruitless journey down the river from Mill-Pond Stairs to the Nore,* or to almost any of the descriptive passages in "Oliver Twist,"† and then turn to "Dombey and Son" and read the description of Carker's return to England,‡ he can make the contrast for himself.

It is only natural that this want of proportion and control, this riot of fancy, should be most conspicuous on the romantic and sentimental side of Dickens's work. But we may trace it with more or less distinctness everywhere. We find it even in his own particular domain, in the scenes where he walks supreme, the mighty master of a humor incomparable and his own. There we are so completely in his power that he has but to wave his wand and we are prostrate. Yet it is impossible not to feel even here that he uses this power too indiscriminately, intemperately sometimes, and unreasonably. It is so rich and so wonderful, that humor of his, that we cannot but welcome it whenever and wherever it greets us. Yet when the "burst of joyful greetings" is over, reflection will sometimes obtrude. There is an instance in "David Copperfield"—in which delightful book, by the way, instances of this or of any other of the writer's defects are few and far between. It is in the scene where that "HEEP of villany" has forced his suspicions on the old doctor, and has dragged David in as his unwilling witness. David, it will be remembered, concentrating years of distrust and loathing into one moment, has struck the scoundrel in the face, and the singularly calm reception of the insult has not improved his temper.

Then he leaves him: "merely telling him that I should expect from him what I always had expected, and had never yet been disappointed in. I opened the door upon him, *as if he had been a great walnut put there to be cracked*, and went out of the house."* One cannot but smile at the quaintness of the fancy here, and one cannot but feel how sadly out of place it is in so serious, so pitiful a scene. In "Martin Chuzzlewit" there is a still more painful instance in the description of the poor old clerk's grief for his dead master, where he mixes up recollections of the counting-house with his sorrow in the strangest and most incongruous manner. "Take him from me, and what remains?"† Every one must be conscious what a terribly false note is struck here. It is in such writing as this that Dickens's vulgarity lies. He is not vulgar because he deals with common subjects—subjects which are called vulgar by his genteel depreciators, the Mr. and Mrs. Witititterleys of our day—but because he too often deals with great subjects in a vulgar, an ignoble manner. There is extraordinary humor and wit too, in the old clerk's wail of despair, "Take him from me, and what remains?" but in the circumstance how cruel it is! how brutal, one feels inclined almost to say! It is, to use Joubert's phrase, a monstrosity of literature. Professor Ward talks of Dickens's characters being as true to nature as the "most elaborated productions of Addison's art." But there is a production of Addison's art in which an old servant bewails his master's death in a very different fashion to this—I mean the letter in the 517th number of "The Spectator."

But who would speak harshly of Dickens, of that "soul of good nature and kindness"! There are instances in plenty of this want of perception and proportion, where it exists only, and does not shock; where, too, it not seldom has an effect, though an inharmonious, an isolated effect of its own. Take, for example, that so common trick of his, of pointing, of underlining, as it were, his characters' comical sayings with an explanation of his own—comical, too, in itself often enough—as though he were so delighted with the fun (and who can blame him for it!) that he could not leave it. The immortal Mrs. Gamp supplies an instance of it, in her magnificent apos-

* Great Expectations, chap. liv.

† The journey of Sikes and Oliver to Chertsey, for example, in chap. xxi., or the description of Jacob's Island in chap. l., and, indeed, the whole of that wonderful scene.

‡ Dombey and Son, chap. lv.

* David Copperfield, chap. xlii.

† Martin Chuzzlewit, chap. xix.

trophe to the "Ankworks package." "And I wish it was in Jonadge's belly, I do," cried Mrs. Gamp, *appearing to confound the prophet with the whale in this miraculous aspiration.** If this were our first introduction to Mrs. Gamp, possibly some explanation might be due. But already, when we meet her among the steamboats, we know her well, her marvellous phraseology, her quaint illustrations, her irrelevant turns of thought. Nothing could be happier than the explanation, but it is a mistake. "I wish it was in Jonadge's belly, I do;" this ends it. Thackeray, let me say, is singularly free from this fault, which is of course by no means common to Dickens. Thackeray never explains. He will talk often enough in his own person, too often, perhaps, some may think; but while his characters are talking he stands aside and lets them speak for themselves. Take the scene at Rosenbad, where Warrington tells, for Pen's edification, the great mistake of his life.

"By gad, sir," cried the major, in high good-humor, "I intended you to marry Miss Laura here."

"And by gad, Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pounds," Warrington said.

"How d'ye mean a thousand? It was only a pony, sir," replied the major simply, at which the other laughed.†

Does not one feel here how comical Dickens would have been over the major's simplicity, how comical and how superfluous? And cannot one, too, conceive into what an ingenious labyrinth of explanations he would have led us as he followed that astonishing housekeeper over the galleries of Carabbas Castle?‡ But Dickens himself can sometimes be nobly free from this defect, and when free how far more effective he is! In one of Montagu Tigg's speeches there is a capital instance in the speech where he seeks to impress upon Pecksniff his earnestness and good faith, and the necessity for their all banding together in the common cause, the cause being the money-bags of old Martin Chuzzlewit, then lying sick at the Dragon. "I give you my brightest word of honor, sir, that I've been looking through that keyhole, with short intervals of rest, ever since nine o'clock this morning."§ How admirable is that touch, "I give you my brightest word of honor"! How the rogue stands before us in his

unblushing impudence! Volumes could not say more; and, happily, it comes here in the middle of the speech, and Dickens cannot stop to add any words of his own to it. "Underlining," he once wrote to Mr. Wilkie Collins, "is not my way." Alas! is there another writer of equal genius who goes astray by this way more often than he?

How far a regular education would have supplied the one thing wanting to Dickens, or whether it would not rather have tended to restrict and weaken his native gifts without any counterbalancing advantages, has always been, and probably always will be, a disputed point. Mr. Bagehot was root and branch opposed to the notion.* Men of regular and symmetrical genius, he allows, may be benefited by it, but Dickens's genius, he says, was irregular and anomalous. It would have been absurd, he argues, "to have shut up his observant youth within the walls of a college. They would have taught him nothing about Mrs. Gamp there; Sam Weller took no degree." A regular education, in the sense in which the phrase is too commonly understood, might have done little to cultivate the peculiar faculties with which Dickens worked, and might possibly have given them a wholly different ply. It is clear that a nice appreciation of the Ethics of Aristotle would have added no touch to Mrs. Gamp; that Sam Weller would have profited nothing by his creator's capacity for turning a page of "The Spectator" into Ciceronian prose. And Dickens, as he is, is so wonderful, so delightful, that it is, perhaps, no more than natural to distrust any proposition which might have tended to make him other than he is.† Nevertheless his defects exist, and are what they are; and, remembering what they are, it is surely impossible to doubt that some stricter intellectual and æsthetic discipline than fell to his share would not have greatly lessened, if not altogether removed them. This prime defect, the defect from which all his others spring, the want of artistic perception and control, is precisely such as a larger and deeper acquaintance with "the best that has been said and thought in the world" would have been most instrumental in removing. It would have tempered his fancy and strengthened his

* Literary Studies: Charles Dickens, vol. ii.

† "Personne," says M. Edmond Scheres, "personne ne reconnaît plus que moi ce qu'il y a d'injuste, pour ne pas dire d'absurde, à demander d'un auteur autre chose que ce qu'il a voulu donner, ou pire encore, à lui reprocher de ne pas être un autre homme que la Nature ne l'a fait."

* Martin Chuzzlewit, chap. xl.

† Pendennis, chap. lvii.

‡ Book of Snobs, chap. xxviii.

§ Martin Chuzzlewit, chap. iv.

imagination; it would have fertilized a soil naturally rich and productive, but inevitably weakened by a system which drained without renewing the gifts of nature. When those splendid and untiring spirits which count so eminently in his earlier work died, as in the course of nature they could not but die away, it would have given him in their stead a second harvest, less easy to gather perhaps, and less alluring to the eye, but of larger grain and mellowed growth. Reading alone does not, it is true, make a full man. "Reading," wrote Burke to his son, "and much reading, is good; but the power of diversifying the matter infinitely in your mind, and of applying it to every occasion that arises, is far better." But the power of diversifying the matter is of little avail without the matter. That Dickens's acquaintance with any kind of literature was extremely superficial even Mr. Forster is obliged to confess; and though that thoroughgoing friend has sought to show that Dickens's judgments on such literature as he had read were sound, he does not really prove much more than that he had read very little. No doubt the influence of his great forerunners, Fielding and Smollett, may be detected in his writings — of Goldsmith, the traces that Professor Ward discovers are hardly so clear — but it seems to me that it was less the way in which they worked that had influenced him than the material with which they worked. "His writings," says Mr. Bagehot, "nowhere indicate that he possesses in any degree the passive taste which decides what is good in the writings of other people, and what is not, and which performs the same critical duty upon a writer's own efforts when the confusing mists of productive imagination have passed away. Nor has he the gentlemanly instinct which in many minds supplies the place of purely critical discernment, and which, by constant association with those who know what is best, acquires a secondhand perception of that which is best." Hard speaking, perhaps, but indisputably true. The constant association with what is best must be fruitful of good to every man, whatever his natural gifts may be, whatever the field in which he employs them. And high as must be our admiration for the work of Dickens's unaided genius, to deny that education would have removed from that work so much of what is not best, and which too often cramps and hinders what is, adds nothing to his praise; to allow it, takes nothing away.

I have said that in "David Copperfield" Dickens is freer from defect than in any other of his works. It is rarely that public opinion has ratified an author's judgment so completely as it has here. As we all know, this was Dickens's favorite, and the reason we all know. It may be noted in passing how characteristic of the two men is their choice. To Dickens "David Copperfield" was, to use his own words, his favorite child, because in its pages he saw the reflection of his own youth. Thackeray, though he never spoke out on such matters, is generally believed to have looked not a little into his own heart when he wrote "Pendennis." Yet his favorite was "Esmond," for "Esmond" he rightly felt to be the most complete and perfect of his works; in that exquisite book his *art* touched its highest point. With "David Copperfield," no doubt the secret of the writer's partiality is in some sense the secret of the reader's. Though none, perhaps, have been so outspoken as Hogg, every man takes pleasure in writing about himself, and we are always pleased to hear what he has to say; egotism, as Macaulay says, so unpopular in conversation, is always popular in writing. But not in the charm of autobiography alone lies the fascination which this delightful book has exercised on every class of readers. It is not only Dickens's most attractive work, but it is his best work. And it is his best for this reason, that whereas in all his others he is continually striving to realize the conception of his fancy, in this alone his business is to idealize the reality; in this alone, as it seems to me, his imagination prevails over his fancy. In this alone he is never grotesque, or for him so rarely that he hardly care to qualify the adverb. Nowhere else is his pathos so tender and so sure; nowhere else is his humor, though often more boisterous and more abundant, so easy and so fine; nowhere else is his observation so vivid and so deep; nowhere else has he held with so sure a hand the balance between the classes. If in the character of Daniel Pegotty more eloquently and more reasonably than he has ever done elsewhere, even in honest Joe Gargery, he has enlarged on his favorite abiding-place for virtue, he has also nowhere else been so ready and so glad to welcome her in those more seemly places wherein for the most part he can find no resting-place for her feet. Weak-minded as Doctor Strong is, fatuous, if the reader pleases, we are never asked to laugh at the kindly, chiv-

alrous old scholar, as we are at Sir Leicester Dedlock; Clara Pegotty is no better woman than Agnes Wickfield. And even in smaller matters, and in the characters of second-rate importance, we may find the same sureness of touch. It has been made a reproach against him that his characters are too apt to be forgotten in the externals of their callings, that they never speak without some allusion to their occupations, and cannot be separated from them. In the extraordinary number and variety of characters that he has drawn, no doubt one can find instances of this. For so many of these characters, nearly all, indeed, of the comic ones, real as he has made them to us, are not, when we come to examine them, realities, but rather conceptions of his fancy, which he has to shape into realities by the use of certain traits and peculiarities of humanity with which his extraordinary observation has supplied him. Major Pendennis, and Costigan, and Becky Sharp *are* realities whom Thackeray idealizes, makes characters of fiction out of. But Sam Weller and Mrs. Gamp *are* the children of fancy whom Dickens makes real, partly by the addition of sundry human attributes, but even more so by the marvellous skill and distinctness with which he brings them and keeps them before us. But in order to do this he is obliged never to lose sight, or to suffer us to lose sight, of those peculiarities, whether of speech, or manner, or condition, which make them for us the realities that they are. And in so doing it cannot but happen that he seems to thrust those peculiarities at times somewhat too persistently upon us. In "David Copperfield" this is not so, or much less so than anywhere else, except, of course, in "The Tale of Two Cities," Dickens's only essay at the romance proper, where the characters are subordinate to the story. We may see this, for example, by comparing Omer, the undertaker, in "David Copperfield," with Mould, the undertaker, in "Martin Chuzzlewit." Mould and all his family live in a perpetual atmosphere of funerals; his children are represented as solacing their young existences by "playing at buryin's down in the shop, and follerin' the order-book to its long home in the iron safe;" and Mr. Mould's own idea of fellowship is of a person "one would almost feel disposed to bury for nothing, and do it neatly, too!" On his first introduction, after old Anthony's death, he sets the seal on his personality by the remark that Jonas's liberal orders for the

funeral prove "what was so forcibly observed by the lamented theatrical poet—*buried at Stratford*—that there is good in everything."* That touch is very comical, but also very grotesque; it is a touch of fancy, not of nature. But when David Copperfield, as a man, recalls himself to the recollection of the good-hearted Omer, who had known him as a boy, the undertaker is revealed in a very different fashion. "To be sure," said Mr. Omer, touching my waistcoat with his forefinger; "and there was a little child too! *There was two parties. The little party was laid along with the other party.* Over at Blunderstone it was, of course. Dear me! And how have you been since?"† Every one must be conscious of the difference here.

"Coragio! and think of 2850," wrote Macaulay in his diary, to console himself for some bitter pill of American criticism he had been forced to swallow. We need not cast our thoughts quite so far into the future to see that much of what gave Dickens his popularity, and still keeps it with so many of us, will avail him nothing then. Those qualities which so endeared his writings to the great mass of his contemporaries, and won the respect even of those who could not always admire the method and direction of their employment, will have for posterity no more attraction than will many of the subjects on which he so lavishly and dauntlessly expended them. Our descendants will have, we may be very sure, too frequent and too real claims upon their compassion to let them spare many tears for those rather theatrical personages which Dickens too often employed to point his moral. Harsh as it may seem to say, whatever his writings may actually have done to reduce the sum of human suffering will tell against rather than for them. It will always be so with those who employ fiction for the purpose of some particular social or political reformation; for the wrongs they help to remove, and the evils they help to redress, will seem slight and unreal in the pages of fiction, because they have so long ceased to form a part of actual existence. A soul of good-nature and kindness is a quality we are right to recognize in contemporary work, and for that work it constitutes a special and a noble title to our praise; but posterity will judge the writings of one whom their forefathers called a great writer by the

* Martin Chuzzlewit, chap. xix.

† David Copperfield, chap. xxi.

sheer value of the writing, and such praise, if it be found to rest on no more practical foundation, will seem to them, to use the words of one of Dickens's own characters, pious, but not to the purpose. It is inevitable that much of his serious and sentimental work will have for future generations neither the attraction nor the solidity that it had for his own. For the tears he sought to draw, the graver feelings he sought to move, he went too often, if I may use the word, to local sources, too often to artificial. What Lamb said of comedy is surely true to a certain extent of all fiction: our "fireside concerns," attractive as they are to us, cannot in reason have the same attraction for those who have never warmed themselves at our hearth. Each age has its own fireside; each age provides its own tears. The "familiar matter of to-day" will not be the familiar matter of to-morrow. It is the splendid sorrows of a Priam or a Lear that touch the heart of Time.

The cease of majesty
Dies not alone; but like a gulf doth draw
What's near it with it; it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser
things
Are mortised and adjoin'd: which when it falls
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

But the quality of a humor founded in the roots of our common humanity can never wax old nor die, and it seems impossible to imagine a day when the world will refuse to laugh with Dickens. The careless glance of curiosity, or the student's all-ranging eye, may turn a century hence upon the little Nells and Pauls, the Joes and the Trotty Vecks; but the Wellers and the Pecksniffs, the Swivellers and the Micawbers must surely abide forever, unchanging and immortal—immortals of lesser note, and with more of mortal mixture, but still of the same lineage with Falstaff. And then with the laughter that they stir will be remembered and confessed the real worth of the noble praise Dean Stanley gave to their creator's memory, praise whose significance our own age has in truth too ample means for judging: "Remember, if there be any who think you cannot be witty without being wicked; who think that in order to amuse the world, and to awaken the interest of hearers or readers, you must descend to filthy jests, and unclean suggestions, and debasing scenes, so wrote not the genial, loving humorist we now mourn.

However deep his imagination led him to descend into the dregs of society, he still breathed an untainted atmosphere around him; he was still able to show by his own example that, even in dealing with the darkest scenes and most degraded characters, genius could be clean and mirth decent."

MOWBRAY MORRIS.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE LADIES LINDORES.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE drive home would have been very embarrassing to the ladies had not Millefleurs been the perfect little gentleman he was. Rintoul, though he ought to have been aware that his presence was specially desirable, had abandoned his mother and sister; and the consciousness of the secret, which was no secret, weighed upon Lady Lindores so much, that it was scarcely possible for her to keep up any appearance of the easy indifference which was her proper *rôle* in the circumstances, while it silenced Edith altogether. They could scarcely look him in the face, knowing both the state of suspense in which he must be, and the false impression of Edith's feelings which he was probably entertaining. Lady Lindores felt certain that he was aware she had been informed by her husband of what had passed, and feared to look at him lest he might, by some glance of intelligence, some look of appeal, call upon her sympathy; while on the other hand, it was all-essential to keep him, if possible, from noticing the pale consciousness of Edith, her silence and shrinking discomfort, so unlike her usual frank and friendly aspect. Millefleurs was far too quick-sighted not to observe this unusual embarrassment; but there was no more amiable young man in England, and it was his part for the moment to set them at their ease, and soothe the agitation which he could not but perceive. He talked of everything but the matter most near his heart with that self-sacrifice of true politeness which is perhaps the truest as it is one of the most difficult manifestations of social heroism. He took pains to be amusing, to show himself unconcerned and unexcited; and, as was natural, he got his reward. Lady Lindores was almost piqued (though it was so great a relief) that Edith's suitor should be capable of such perfect calm; and Edith herself, though with a dim perception of the heroism in it, could not but

console herself with the thought that one so completely self-controlled would "get over" his disappointment easily. Their conversation at last came to be almost a monologue on his part. He discoursed on Tinto and its treasures as an easy subject. "It has one great quality—it is homogeneous," he said, "which is too big a word for a small fellow like me. It is all of a piece, don't you know. To think what lots of money those good people must have spent on those great vases, and candelabra, and things! We don't do that sort of thing nowadays. We roam over all the world, and pick up our *bric-à-brac* cheap. But, don't you know, there's something fine in the other principle—there's a grand sort of spare-no-expense sentiment. I'd like to do it all over again for them—to clear away all that finery, which is mere *Empire*, and get something really good, don't you know. But at the same time, I respect this sort of thing. There is a thoroughness in it. It is going the 'whole animal,' as we say in America. Mr. Torrance, who is a fine big man, just like his house, should, if you'll allow me to say so, have carried out the principle a little further; he should not have gone so entirely into a different *genre* in his wife."

"You mean that Carry is—that Carry looks — She is not very strong," said Lady Lindores, with involuntary quickening of attention, taking up instantly an attitude of defence.

"Dear Lady Lindores," cried little Millefleurs, "entirely out of keeping! A different *genre* altogether; a different date—the finest ethical nineteenth century against a background *Empire*: preposterous altogether. We have no style to speak of in china, or that sort of thing—which is odd, considering how much we think of it. We can't do anything better than go back to Queen Anne for our furniture. But in respect to women, it's quite different. We've got a Victorian type in that, don't you know. I am aware that it is the height of impertinence to make remarks. But considering the family friendship to which you have been so good as to admit me, and my high appreciation—Lady Caroline, if you will allow me to say so, is a different *genre*. She is out of keeping with the decoration of her house."

"Poor Carry!" Lady Lindores said with a sigh; and they were thankful to Millefleurs when he ran on about the china and the gilding. It was he, with those keen little beady eyes of his, who saw John Erskine disappearing among

the trees. He had possession of the stage, as it were, during all that long way home, which to the ladies seemed about twice as long as it had ever been before.

Lord Lindores had not accompanied the party. He did not come in contact with his son-in-law, indeed, any more than he could help. Though he had taken up Tinto so warmly at first, it was not to be supposed that a man of his refinement could have any pleasure in such society; and though he made a point of keeping on scrupulously good terms with Torrance, even when the latter set himself in opposition to the earl's plans, yet he kept away from the spectacle afforded by his daughter and her husband in their own house. If Lord Lindores's private sentiments could have been divined, it would probably have been apparent that in his soul he thought it hard upon poor Caroline to have married such a man. There were reasons which made it very desirable, even necessary; but it was a pity, he felt. In the present case, however, there was nothing but congratulations to be thought of. Edith was, there could be no doubt, a thoroughly fortunate young woman. Nobody could say a word against Millefleurs. He had shown himself eccentric, but only in a way quite approved by his generation; and there was no doubt that a wife, at once pretty and charming, and sufficiently clever, was all that he wanted to settle him. Not Carry—Carry was too intellectual, too superior altogether, for the democratic little marquis; but Edith had just the combination of simplicity and mental competence that would suit his position. It was the most admirable arrangement that could have been devised. Lord Lindores sat in his library with much satisfaction of mind, and thought over all the new combinations. He had no doubt of the duke's content with the alliance—and through the duke, the whole ministry would be affected. It would be felt that to keep a man of Lord Lindores's abilities in the hopeless position of a mere Scotch lord, would be a waste prejudicial to the country. With Millefleurs for his son-in-law, a mere representative seat in the House of Lords no longer seemed worth his while—an English peerage would be his, as a matter of course. He had said a few words to Rintoul on the subject before the party left the house. There could be no harm in drawing the bonds tighter which were to produce so admirable an effect. "There is Lady Reseda, a very charming girl," he said. "It is time you were thinking

of marrying, Rintoul. I don't know any girl that has been more admired."

"One doesn't care for one's wife having been admired," said Rintoul, somewhat sulkily. "One would rather admire her one's self."

His father looked at him with some severity, and Rintoul colored in spite of himself. Perhaps this was one reason why his temper was so unpleasant at Tinto, and moved him to fling off from the party in the midst of their inspection of the place, and declare that he would walk home. In his present temper, perhaps he would not have been much help to them, whereas Millefleurs managed it all capitally, being left to himself.

They got home only in time to dress for dinner, at which meal Rintoul did not appear. It was unlike him to stay behind and dine at Tinto; but still there was nothing impossible in it, and the minds of the four people who sat down together at table were all too much absorbed by the immediate question before them to have much time to consider Rintoul. Lady Lindores's entire attention was given to Edith, who, very pale and with a thrill of nervous trembling in her, which her mother noted without quite understanding, neither ate nor talked, but pretended, at least, to do the first, veiling herself from the eyes of her lover behind the flowers which ornamented the centre of the table. These flowers, it must be allowed, are often a nuisance and serious hindering of conversation. On this occasion they performed a charitable office. There was one plume of ferns in particular which did Edith the most excellent service. She had been commanded to repair to the library when she left the table, to await her father there. And if she trembled, it was with the tension of high-strung nerves, not the hesitation of weakness, as her mother thought. Lord Lindores, for his part, watched her too, with an uneasy instinct. He would not allow himself to imagine that she could have the folly to hesitate even; and yet there was a sensation in him, an unwilling conviction that, if Edith resisted, she would be, though she was not so clever, a different kind of antagonist from poor Carry. There arose in him, as he glanced at her now and then, an impulse of war. He had no idea that she would really attempt to resist him: but if she did! He, too, had little to say during dinner. He uttered a formal sentence now and then in discharge of his duty as host, but that was all; and by intervals, when he had leisure to think of

it, he was angry with his son. Rintoul ought to have been there to take the weight of the conversation upon him: Rintoul ought to have had more discrimination than to choose this day of all others for absenting himself. His mother was of the same opinion. She, too, was almost wroth with Rintoul — to leave her unsupported without any aid at such a crisis was unpardonable. But Millefleurs was quite equal to the emergency. He took everything upon himself. The servants, closest of all critics, did not even guess that anything was going on in which "the wee English lord" was involved. They made their own remarks upon Lady Edith's pallor and silence, and the preoccupation of Lady Lindores. But Millefleurs was the life of the company; and not even the butler, who had seen a great deal in his day, and divined most things, associated him with the present evident crisis. It was amazing how much he found to say, and how naturally he said it, as if nothing particular was going on, and no issues of any importance to him, at least, were involved.

When the ladies left the table, Lady Lindores would have detained her daughter with her. "Come into the drawing-room with me first, Edith. Your father cannot be ready for you for some minutes at least."

"No, mamma. I must keep all my wits about me," Edith said, with a faint smile. They were in the corridor, where it was always cold, and she shivered a little in spite of herself.

"You are chilly, Edith — you are not well, dear. I will go myself and tell your father you are not able to talk to him to-night."

Edith shook her head without saying anything. She waved her hand to her mother as she turned away in the direction of the library. Lady Lindores stood looking after her with that strange struggle in her mind which only parents know, — the impulse to take their children in their arms as of old, and bear their burdens for them, contradicted by the consciousness that this cannot be done, that the time has come when these beloved children can no longer be carried over their difficulties, but must stand for themselves, with not another to interfere between them and fate. Oh the surprise of this penetrating the heart! Lady Lindores went back to the drawing-room with the wonder and pain of it piercing her like an arrow, to sit down and wait while Edith — little Edith — bore her trial

alone. It was intolerable, yet it had to be endured. She stood aside and let her child do what had to be done; any trial in the world would have been easier. The pang was complicated in every way. There seemed even an ingratitude in it, as if her child preferred to stand alone; and yet it was all inevitable—a thing that must be. She waited, the air all rustling round her, with expectation and suspense. What would the girl find to say? Caroline had wept and struggled, but she had yielded. Edith would not weep, she would stand fast like a little rock; but, after all, what was there to object to? Millefleurs was very different from Torrance of Tinto. Why should he not please the girl's fancy as well as another? He had so much in him to please any girl's fancy; he was clever and amusing, and romantic even in his way. If Edith would but content herself with him! True, he was little; but what did that matter after all? He would no doubt make the best of husbands—unquestionably he would make the best of sons-in-law. And then, your mind must be impartial indeed if you are impervious to the attractions of an English duke-dom. Who could be indifferent to that? With a little laugh of nervous pleasure, Lady Lindores permitted herself to think how amusing it would be to see her little girl take precedence of her. Alas! things were far from being so advanced as that; but yet she could not help more or less being on the side of ambition this time. The ambition that fixed upon Torrance of Tinto was poor enough, and shamed her to think of it; but the Marquis Millefleurs, the Duke of Lavender, that was an ambition which had some justification. Not love him! Why should not she love him? Lady Lindores even went so far as to ask herself with some heat. He was delightful; everything but his stature was in his favor. He was excellent; his very failings leant to virtue's side.

While, however, her mother was thus discussing the question with so strong a bias in favor of Millefleurs, Edith was standing in her father's library waiting for him, not entering into any argument with herself at all. She would not sit down, which would have seemed somehow like yielding, but stood with her hand upon the mantelpiece, her heart beating loudly. She had not summoned herself to the bar of her own judgment, or asked with any authority how it was that she neither could nor would for a moment take the qualities of Millefleurs into consideration.

The question had been given against him before even it was put; but Edith would not allow herself to consider why. No doubt she knew why; but there are occasions in which we do not wish to see what is going on in our spirits, just as there are occasions when we turn out all the corners and summon everything to the light. She heard the door of the dining-room open, then the voices of the gentlemen as they came out, with a sudden tightening of her breath. What if little Millefleurs himself were coming instead of her father? This idea brought a gleam of a smile over her face; but that was driven away as she heard the heavy, familiar step approaching. Lord Lindores, as he came along the corridor, had time enough to say to himself that perhaps he had been foolish. Why had he determined upon speaking to Edith before he allowed her lover to speak to her? Perhaps it was a mistake. He had his reasons, but it might be that they were not so powerful as he had supposed, and that he would have done better not to have interfered. However it was now too late to think of this. He went into the library, shutting the door deliberately, asking himself why he should have any trouble about the matter, and what Edith could feel but happiness in having such a proposal made to her; but when he turned round and met Edith's eye his delusions fled. Surely there was nobody so unfortunate as he was in his children. Instead of their perceiving what was for their own interest, he was met by a perpetual struggle and attempt to put him in the wrong. It was inconceivable. Was it not their interest solely which moved him? and yet they would resist as if he were plotting nothing but wrong. But though these thoughts passed through his mind with a sweep of bitterness, he would not indulge them. He went up to Edith with great urbanity, putting down all feelings less pleasant. "I am glad to find you here," he said.

"Yes, papa; you wanted me, my mother told me."

"I wanted you. As I came along the corridor, I began to ask myself whether I was doing right in wanting you. Perhaps I ought to have let you hear what I am going to say from—some one who might have made it more agreeable, Edith."

"Oh, let me hear what you want, please, from yourself, papa."

He took her hand, which trembled in his hold, and looked down on her with fatherly eyes—eyes which were tender, and

admiring, and kind. Could any one doubt that he wished her well? He wished her everything that was best in the world — wealth and title, and rank and importance, — everything we desire for our children. He was not a bad man, desiring the sacrifice of his child's happiness. If he had, perhaps, made something of a mistake about Carry, there was no mistake here.

"Edith, I want to speak to you about Lord Millefleurs. He came here, I believe, on your own invitation —"

At this Edith started with sudden alarm, and her hand trembled still more in her father's easy clasp. She had an indefinite pang of fear, she could not tell why.

"He has been here now for some time. I was glad to ratify your invitation by mine — nothing could have pleased me better. I like his family. His father and I have always thought alike, and the duchess is a most excellent woman. That your mother and you should have taken him up so much, was very good for him, and quite a pleasure to me."

"I don't know why you should say we took him up very much," said Edith, with some confusion. "He took us up — he came to us wherever we were. And then he was Robin's friend. It was quite natural — there was nothing —" She paused, with a painful eagerness to excuse herself; and yet there was nothing to excuse. This changed the position for the moment, and made everything much more easy for the indulgent father, who was so ready to approve what his child herself had done.

"It is perfectly natural, my dear — everything about it is natural. Lord Millefleurs has been quite consistent since he first saw you. He has explained himself to me in the most honorable way. He wishes — to marry you, Edith. I don't suppose this is any surprise to you?"

Edith was crimson; her temples throbbed with the rush of the blood, which seemed to rise like an angry sea. "If it is so, he has had opportunity enough to tell me so. Why has he taken so unfair an advantage? Why — why has he gone to you?"

"He has behaved like an honorable man. I see no unfair advantage. He has done what was right — what was respectful at once to you and to me."

"Oh, papa, — honorable! respectful!" cried the girl. "What does that mean in our position? Could he have been any-

thing but honorable — to me? You forget what kind of expressions you are using. If he had *that* to say, it is to me he ought to have come. He has taken an unkind — a cruel advantage!" Edith cried.

"This is ridiculous," said her father. "He has done what it is seemly and right to do — in his position and yours. If he had gone to you, as you say, like a village lad to his lass, what advantage could there have been in that? As it is, you have your father's full sanction, which, I hope, you reckon for something, Edith."

"Father," she said, somewhat breathless, collecting herself with a little effort. The wave of hot color died off from her face. She grew paler and paler as she stood firmly opposite to him, holding fast with her hand the cool marble of the mantelpiece, which felt like a support. "Father, if he had come to me, as he ought to have done, this is what would have happened, — I should have told him at once that it was a mistake, and he would have left us quietly without giving you any trouble. How much better that would have been in every way!"

"I don't understand you, Edith. A mistake? I don't see that there is any mistake."

"That is very likely, papa," she said, with returning spirit, "since it is not you that are concerned. But I see it. I should have told him quietly, and there would have been an end of the matter, if he had not been so formal, so absurd — so old-fashioned — as to appeal to you."

This counterblast took away Lord Lindores's breath. He made a pause for a moment, and stared at her; he had never been so treated before. "Old-fashioned," he repeated, almost with bewilderment. "There is enough of this, Edith. If you wish to take up the *role* of the advanced young lady, I must tell you it is not either suitable or becoming. Millefleurs will, no doubt, find an early opportunity of making his own explanations to you, and of course, if you choose to keep him in hot water, it is, I suppose, your right. But don't carry it too far. The connection is one that is perfectly desirable — excellent in every point of view."

"It is a pity, since you think so, that it is impossible," she said in a low tone.

Lord Lindores looked at her, fixing her with his eye. He felt now that he had known it all along — that he had felt sure there was a struggle before him, and that his only policy was to convince her that he was determined from the very first. "There is nothing impossible," he said,

"except disobedience and folly. I don't expect these from you. Indeed I can't imagine what motive you can have, except a momentary perverseness, to answer me so. No more of it, Edith. By tomorrow, at least, everything will be settled between you and your lover —"

"Oh, papa, listen! don't mistake me," she cried. "He is not my lover. How can you — how can you use such a word? He can never be anything to me. If he had spoken to me, I could have settled it all in a moment. As it is you he has spoken to, why give him a double mortification? It will be so easy for you to tell him: to tell him — he can never be anything to me."

"Edith, take care what you are saying! He is to be your husband. I am not a man easily balked in my own family."

"We all know that," she cried with bitterness; "but I am not Carry, papa."

He made a step nearer to her, with a threatening aspect. "What do you mean by that? Carry! What has Carry to do with it? You have a chance poor Carry never had — high rank, wealth, — everything that is desirable; and a man whom the most fantastic could not object in any way to."

There is scarcely any situation in the world into which a gleam of ridicule will not fall. It takes us with the tear in our eye — it took Edith in the nervous excitement of this struggle, the most trying moment which personally she had ever gone through. Millefleurs, with his little plump person, his round eyes, his soft lisp of a voice, seemed to come suddenly before her, and at the height of this half-tragic contention she laughed. It was excitement and high pressure as well as that sudden flash of perverse imagination. She could have cried next moment — but laugh she did, in spite of herself. The sound drove Lord Lindores to fury. "This is beyond bearing," he cried. "It seems that I have been deceived in you altogether. If you cannot feel the honor that has been done you — the compliment that has been paid you — you are unworthy of it, and of the trouble I have taken."

"I suppose," said Edith, irritated too, "these are the right words for a girl to use to any man who is so good as to think she would suit him. I was wrong to laugh, but are you not going too far, papa? I am likely to get more annoyance by it than honor. Please, please let me take my own way."

She had broken down a little when she

said this, in natural reaction, and gave him a pitiful look, with a little quiver of her lip. After such a laugh it is so likely that a girl will cry, as after a sudden self-assertion it is to be expected that she will be subdued and humbled. She looked at him with a childlike appeal for pity. And he thought that now he had her securely in his hands.

"My love," he said, "you will regret it all your life if I yield to you now. It is your happiness I am thinking of. I cannot let a girl's folly spoil your career. Besides, it is of the highest importance to everybody — to Rintoul, even to myself — that you should marry Millefleurs —"

"I am very sorry, papa; but I shall never — marry Lord Millefleurs —"

"Folly! I shall not allow you to trifle with him, Edith — or with me. You have given him the most evident encouragement — led him on in every way, invited him here —"

Edith grew pale to her very lips. "Papa, have pity on me! I never did so; it was all nothing — the way one talks without meaning it — without thinking —"

"That is all very well on our side, but on the other — I tell you, I will permit no trifling, Edith. He has a right to a favorable answer, and he must have it —"

"Never, never! if I have been wrong, I will ask his pardon —"

"You will accept him in the first place," said Lord Lindores sternly.

"I will never accept him," Edith said.

Her father, wound up to that pitch of excitement at which a man is no longer master of what he says, took a few steps about the room. "Your sister said the same," he cried, with a short laugh, "and you know what came of that."

It was an admission he had never intended to make, — for he did not always feel proud of his handiwork, — but it was done now, and could not be recalled. Edith withdrew even from the mantelpiece on which she had leaned. She clasped her hands together, supporting herself. "I am not Carry," she said in a low tone, facing him resolutely as he turned back in some alarm at what he had been betrayed into saying. He had become excited, and she calm. He almost threatened her with his hand in the heat of the moment.

"You will obey your parents," he cried.

"No, papa," she said.

He remembered so well, too well, what Carry had done in the same circum-

stances — she had wept and pleaded. When he demanded obedience from her she had not dared to stand against him. He recollected (too well for his own comfort sometimes) every one of those scenes which brought her to submission. But Edith did not weep, and was not shaken by that final appeal. She was very pale, and looked unusually slight and young and childlike standing there with her hands clasped, her steadfast eyes raised, her little mouth close — so slight a thing, not stately like Carry. He was confounded by a resistance which he had not foreseen, which he could not have believed in, and stood staring at her, not knowing what next to say and do. Matters were at this point when all at once there arose a something outside the room, which not even the solid closed doors and heavy curtains could keep out, — not positive noise or tumult, but something indescribable — a sensation as of some unknown dread event. Ordinarily all was still in the well-ordered house, and my lord's tranquillity as completely assured as if he had been prime minister. But this was something that was beyond decorum. Then the door was hastily opened, and Rintoul ghastly, his face grey rather than pale, his hair hanging wildly on his forehead, came into the room.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THIS extraordinary interruption put a stop at once to the struggle between the father and daughter. They both came to a sudden pause, not only in their conversation, but in their thoughts, which were suspended instantly by the breaking in of something more urgent. "What is it? What has happened?" they both cried in a breath; and Edith, after a moment added, "Carry — there is something wrong with Carry," scarcely aware what she said.

Rintoul came to the table on which stood a crystal jug of water. He filled himself out a large glass and drank it. He was in a tremor which he attempted to conceal from them, though with no success. Then he said, "There is nothing the matter with Carry; but a dreadful accident has happened," — and stopped, his mouth being parched, his very articulation difficult.

"What is it? what is it? The children —"

Rintoul turned his face away from Edith and directed himself towards his father. He made a great effort over himself, as if what he had to say was almost

beyond his powers. Then he said with a strange hoarseness of voice, "Torrance — has been killed."

"Torrance! — killed! Good God! Rintoul."

"It is so. Instantaneous, they say. He cannot have suffered much, thank God."

Rintoul was not emotional or used to show very much feeling, but the lines of his face were drawn and his lip quivered as he spoke.

"Killed! But how did it happen? where? Was it accident or — For heaven's sake tell us all!" cried his father. Edith stood by struck dumb, yet with a host of sudden rising thoughts, or rather images, in her breast. It was to her sister that her mind suddenly reverted, with a perception of everything involved so clear and vivid that her very spirit was confused by the distinctness of her sight.

"Accident," said Rintoul almost with a stammer, stumbling on the word. "He must have been riding home by the Greenlaws road, which was his favorite way. He and his horse were found at the foot of the Scaur. The brute must have reared and lost his footing. The ground was soft with the rain. That's all that any one knows."

"And he is dead? Good God!"

A shiver came over Rintoul. Who would have thought he had so much feeling? and concerning Torrance, whom he had never been able to endure. "It's dreadful," he said in a low tone; "but it's true. One moment never to be recalled, and that big fellow with all his strength — O Lord, it's terrible to think of. It has taken all the strength out of me."

Edith hurried to him, trembling herself, to clasp his arm in hers and soothe her brother. She was almost too much excited and agitated to be aware that he repulsed her, though unconsciously, but this increased the general impression of pain and horror on her mind. There was so strong a thrill of agitation in him that he could not bear to be touched or even looked at. He put her away, and threw himself down into the nearest chair. A hundred questions were on the lips of both; but he looked as if he had said all that was possible — as if he had no power to add anything. Lord Lindores, after the first pause of horror, of course pursued his inquiries, and they gathered certain details as to the way of finding "the body," and the manner in which horse and man seemed to have fallen. But Rintoul evidently had been too much im-

pressed by the sight to be able to dwell on the subject. He wiped the perspiration from his forehead and took again large draughts of water as he brought forth sentence after sentence. "Get me some wine, or brandy, or something—I am done," he cried; but when his father rang the bell, Rintoul recoiled. "Let Edith fetch it; don't let us have any prying servants about here." "There is no reason why we should be afraid of prying servants," said Lord Lindores, with surprise and disapproval. "It is not a matter to be concealed. I suppose there is nothing to conceal?" "Oh no, no," said Rintoul, with a groan, "nothing to be concealed; you can't conceal a dead man," and he shuddered, but added directly, raising himself to meet his father's eye, "it was accident—nothing but accident,—everybody has warned him. I said myself something was sure to happen sooner or later at the Scaur." Edith, who had flown to bring him the wine he asked for, here came back with it, having sent away the officious butler, anxious to hear all about it, who hovered near the door. Her brother took the decanter from her hand without a word of thanks, and poured out the wine lavishly, but with a shaking hand, into the glass from which he had been drinking water. It brought a little color back into his cheeks. To Edith the emotion he showed was a new revelation. She had never expected from Rintoul so much tenderness of feeling. But Lord Lindores went on with his questions.

"Something sure to happen? Yes—to children or people incapable of taking care of themselves; but Torrance, who knew it all like his own hand! had he—been drinking, poor fellow?"

"Not that I know of; but how can I tell? Nobody knows."

"Some one must have seen him before the accident happened. There must be some one who can tell. Of course everything must be investigated. Where had he been? Why was he not with you, when you went by appointment to see the place? It was surely very extraordinary—"

"He was with us at first," said Rintoul, "but he took offence at some of Millefeurs's criticisms; and then John Erskine—"

"What had John Erskine to do with it?"

"They had some words. I can't remember; something passed. Erskine left early too. Now that I think of it," said Rintoul suddenly, "Erskine must

have gone that way, and perhaps— But no, no; I mistake—they did not meet."

"They had no words," said Edith eagerly; "there was no quarrel, if that is what you mean. Mr. Torrance was annoyed because Lord Millefeurs— But Mr. Erskine had nothing to do with it," she added, her color rising. Lord Lindores paced up and down the room stopping at every turn to ask another question. Rintoul sat leaning his head upon his hand, his face concealed by it; while Edith, to whom this reference had given animation, stood between them, her senses quickened, her mind alert. But they were both too deeply occupied to notice the change in her which was made by the mention of this name.

"Of course there must be a thorough investigation into all the circumstances," Lord Lindores said.

"Who can do that? I thought there were no coroners in Scotland?" said Rintoul, rousing himself. "I was thinking, indeed, what a good thing for poor Carry to be spared this. Besides, what can investigation do? He went off from among us excited. Very likely, poor fellow, he had been drinking. He rode off in haste, thundering down that dangerous road, as was his custom. Everybody knows it was his custom. It was his way of blowing off steam. Coming back, the road was soft with the rain, and he still excited and in a nervous state. He pushed Black Jess a step too close. She reared, and—I don't know what you can find out more by any investigation." Rintoul wiped his forehead again and poured himself out more wine.

"That may be, but there must be an investigation all the same," said Lord Lindores. "A man of importance like poor Torrance does not disappear like this in a moment without any notice being taken of it. If he had been a ploughman, perhaps—"

Here the door was opened hastily, and Lady Lindores hurried in. "What is this?" she cried; "what is this I hear?—the servants are full of it. Something about Torrance and a bad accident. What does it mean?"

Edith ran to her mother, taking her by the arm, with the instinct of supporting her against the shock; and Lord Lindores gave her the information, not without that almost pleasure in recounting even the most terrible news, which is the instinctive sentiment of those whose hearts are not deeply concerned. Lady Lindores

heard it with horror, with the instant and keen self-question as to whether she had done justice to this man, of whom no one now could ask pardon,—whose wrongs, if he had any, could never be remedied,—which, in a generous mind, is the first result of such a tragedy. Out of keen excitement and horror she shed a few tears, the first that in this house at least had been expended on the dead man. A pang of wondering pity was in her heart. The sight of this softer feeling stilled the others. She arrested every other sentiment in a natural pause of terrified compassion. She who had never called him by it in his life, suddenly found his Christian name come to her lips: "Oh, poor Pat! poor Pat! like that—in a moment—with his home close by that he was so proud of, and all his good things,—summoned in a moment. O God, have mercy upon him!" she cried.

"It is too late for that," said Lord Lindores gravely, for the moment ashamed of all other questions. "Short as the time is, and dreadful as it is to think of it, his account must be made by this time. It is a terrible lesson to us all——"

"O God, have mercy upon him! I cannot think it is ever too late for that," cried Lady Lindores through her tears. And there was a pause. She did not, so far as we know, entertain any heterodox ideas about the after state; but nature spoke in her, which is stronger than creeds. And they were all silent, ashamed to have thought of anything else than this. Rintoul still sat with his head hid in his hands. He had not looked at his mother. He did not say anything to help out the narrative which his father, of course, had given minutely. He had made a great effort to get over his personal agitation and the tremor of his nerves, but he was not used to such violent emotions, and it was hard to get them under control.

Then Lady Lindores rose from the chair upon which she had sunk in the first shock. "I must go to Carry at once," she said. "Poor Carry! how must she be feeling? In a moment—without time for a word——"

Now at this there was a slight movement on the part of the two men—even in Rintoul, though he was so much overcome. They thought it was the usual feminine hypocrisy. Carry had never pretended to be a fond or loving wife. The shock was great, but it brought her deliverance. A touch of indignation and of wonder at what they considered that

incomprehensible female nature, which one moment brought them back by sheer natural tenderness to a loftier state of feeling, and the next disgusted them with mere conventionalism and make-believe, stirred in their minds. They durst not say anything, for of course it was needful to the world to keep up this fiction, and take it for granted that Carry was heart-broken; but in their hearts they despised the false sentiment, as they thought it. Nobody understood that divine compunction in Lady Lindores's heart—that terrible and aching pity for the unworthy on her own part—that sense of awful severance from a human creature with whom there had been nothing in common, with whom there could be no hope of reunion, which, she felt, must be in her daughter's mind. God help poor Carry! What could she be but glad to be free? Her mother's heart bled for her in this awful satisfaction and misery. Meanwhile her husband rang the bell and ordered the carriage for her, with a sensation not quite unlike contempt, though he was pleased, too, that she should be able to keep up the natural superstitions, and go through all traditional formalities so well. He made a pause, however, when he found Edith hastily preparing to go too.

"There is Lord Millefeurs to be thought of? What am I to do," he said, "with Millefeurs?"

"At such a moment surely everything of the kind must be suspended," said Lady Lindores. "You cannot think that Edith could—go on with this—while her sister——"

Millefeurs himself made his appearance on the stairs while she was speaking. It was a curious scene. The great hall door was open, the night wind blowing in, making the light waver, and penetrating all the excited group with cold. Lady Lindores, wrapped in a great cloak which covered her from head to foot, stood below looking up, while Edith paused on the lower steps in the act of tying a white shawl about her head. The servants, still more excited, stood about, all anxious to help, by way of seeing everything that was going on. Rintoul stood in the doorway of the library, entirely in shadow,—a dark figure contrasting with the others in the light. To these actors in the drama came forth Millefeurs in his exact evening costume, like a hero of genteel comedy coming in at the height of the *imbroglio*. "I need not say how shocked and distressed I am," he said,

from his platform on the landing. "I would go away at once, but that would not help you. Never think of me; but I feel sure you would not do me the injustice to think of me in presence of such a catastrophe."

Lady Lindores waved her hand to him as she hurried out, but he overtook Edith on the stairs. It was impossible that he should not feel that she knew all about it by this time; and after all, though he was so humble-minded, Millefleurs was aware that the heir of a great duke is not usually kept in suspense. "Lady Edith," he said in an undertone, "should I go away? I will do what you think best."

He had faded entirely out of her mind in the excitement of this new event. "Lord Millefleurs—oh, I cannot tell," she said; "it will be painful for you in the midst of this horror and mourning—"

"You cannot think that is what I mean," he said anxiously. "If I could be of any use; a cooler person is sometimes of use, don't you know—one that can sympathize and—without being overwhelmed with—feeling."

"We shall not be overwhelmed. Oh, you have seen, you know, that it is not so much grief as— It is Carry we all must think of—not—poor Mr. Torrance. I am sorry—I am sorry with all my heart—but he did not belong to us, except by—"

"Marriage—that is not much of a tie, is it?" said little Millefleurs, looking at her with a mixture of half-comic ruefulness and serious anxiety. "But this is not a moment to trouble you. Lady Edith, do you think I may stay?"

At this moment her mother called her from the door, and Edith ran hastily down the steps. She scarcely knew whether she had said anything, or what she had said. It was only "Oh," the English ejaculation which fits into every crisis; but it was not "No," Lord Millefleurs said to himself, and he hastened after her to close the carriage-door, and bid Lady Lindores good-night. As the carriage drove off he turned and found himself in face of Lord Lindores, who had a somewhat anxious look. "I have been asking if I should go or stay," he said; "I know your hospitality, even when you are in trouble—"

"There is no trouble in having you in the house, even in the midst of this calamity; but what did they say to you?" asked Lord Lindores.

"Nothing, I think; but I will stay if you will let me, Lord Lindores, till we can

see. And may I hear the details of the accident—if it was an accident."

"You think there is something more in it?" cried Lord Lindores quickly.

"No; how can I tell? I should like to hear everything. Sometimes a looker-on, who is not so much interested, sees more of the game, don't you know?"

"It is a tragic game," said Lord Lindores, shaking his head; "but there is no agrarian crime here, no landlord-killing, no revenge. Poor Torrance had not an enemy, so far as I know."

All this time Rintoul stood motionless in the doorway, concealed by the shadow; but here he seemed piqued to speak. "He had plenty of enemies," he said hastily. "A man of such a temper and manners, how could he help having enemies?"

"*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*," said his father,—"say no harm of the dead—"

"That is all very well; but it is of more importance to do no injustice to the living," said Rintoul, with a sort of sullen solemnity; and he suddenly gave place to the others and went off in the direction of his own den, a little room in which he smoked and kept his treasures. Lord Lindores took his guest into the library, gravely apologetic. "I have never seen Rintoul so upset; his nerves seem to have received a shock. I don't think he cares to go over the melancholy story again."

"It is very natural," said little Millefleurs. "A man who has been always at home, who has never roughed it in the world, naturally loses his head when he first comes in contact with tragedy, don't you know? I did myself in California the first time I touched actual blood. But that was murder, which is a different sort of thing."

"Very different," said Lord Lindores; and he proceeded to satisfy his guest with an account of all the particulars, to which Millefleurs listened very seriously. He had the Scaur described to him with much minuteness, and how it might be possible that such an accident could happen. Instinctively Lord Lindores made it appear that the wonder was it had not happened before. "I warned poor Torrance repeatedly," he said; although he had in equal good faith expressed his amazement that such a thing could happen to a man who knew the place so well, only a short time before. Millefleurs listened to everything very gravely, giving the profoundest attention to every detail.

The house was full of agitation and ex-

citement, and Lord Lindores sent repeatedly for his son to consult with him over what ought to be done; but Rintoul was not to be found. He had gone out, the servants said; and the general impression was that he had returned to Tinto, though he could only have done that by a long walk through the gloomy night. Millefleurs went out into the grounds while this question was proceeding. He had a great many things to think about. He lit his cigar and wandered about, thoughtfully discussing with himself various questions. Did Edith mean that he should stay? Had he any right to stay in the circumstances of the family? He had a strong desire to do so that was not entirely connected with Edith. To be sure, the suspense in which he was kept, the impossibility of addressing her at such a moment, would have made a passionate lover very restless; but Millefleurs was not the sort of stuff out of which passionate lovers are made. He thought Edith would make him a delightful wife, and that with such a wife he would be a very happy man; but he did not feel that heaven and earth would be changed to him without Edith, and therefore other motives were free to come in. He had something in his mind which for the moment almost obliterated all thoughts of her. He walked up and down in the darkness, turning it over and over in his mind. Vaguely, one way or another, this thought was associated with Edith too. After some time he perceived another red spark in the darkness, and became aware of some one else smoking like himself a thoughtful cigar. He called out to Rintoul and came upon him at the end of an alley. Millefleurs had an internal conviction that Rintoul wished to avoid him, so he went up to him quickly and caught him by the arm.

"It was thought that you had gone back to Tinto," he said, putting his arm familiarly through his. He had to reach up on tiptoe to do it, but this was what pleased Millefleurs.

"What! walking at this time of night? I am not so eager about it," said Rintoul. "Besides, what should I do there? Everything is settled so far as it can be for to-night, and my mother and Edith have gone to Carry: there is no need for me."

"I wish you would tell me all about it, my dear Rintoul."

"Didn't my father tell you?"

"Yes, in his way; but that is different. You want the details from an eyewitness, don't you know? You want to see it

through the eyes that have seen it. I have a great curiosity about that kind of thing ever since I have been in California, where it is an incident of every-day life."

"It is not an incident of every-day life here, and I'm sick of it," cried Rintoul. "Don't question me any more—it's too terrible. It must have been instantaneous, they say; that is the only comfort about the business—everything else is hideous from beginning to end."

"Ah, from the beginning—that is just what I want to talk to you about," said Millefleurs.

He felt a thrill in the arm he held, and an inclination as if to throw him off, but he was not to be thrown off; he was small but very tenacious, and clung to his hold.

"That is what I want to know. The beginning. Did he meet any one? had he any dispute or altercation in the wood?"

"None that I know of," said Rintoul. He spoke sulkily, almost in an undertone, so that Millefleurs had to concentrate his attention upon the voice, which was interrupted by all the sounds in the air, the rustling of the trees, the sough of the river far away.

"Did you see any one about?" said Millefleurs.

The two men were in the dark,—they could not see each other's faces, yet they stopped and looked at each other, anxiously, suspiciously, each at the red end of the other's cigar, which disclosed a moustache, a shadow above.

"Any one about? I don't think there was any one about," said Rintoul, still more sullenly. "What should put that into your mind? You were not there?"

This was a curious question, but Millefleurs made no note of it, his mind being possessed by an entirely different idea. He said, "No, I was not there. I drove home with your mother, don't you know? To think we should have passed, without the least knowing it, the place which so soon was to be the scene of such a tragedy."

"Don't romance about it. It's bad enough as it is. You did not pass the scene. It was on the other road, a long way from yours."

"At which side?"

"The left side," said Rintoul carelessly. "I wish, if you don't mind, that you would change the subject. My nerves are all wrong. I didn't know I was such a feeble beggar. I'd rather not dwell upon it, if you don't mind."

"The left side?" said Millefleurs, with a sigh—and then there was a pause. "You are quite sure," he added anxiously, "that you did not see any one in the wood?"

Rintoul almost thrust this question away. "I tell you I won't be questioned," he said. Then, composing himself with an effort, "I beg your pardon, Millefleurs—I never liked the man, though he was my brother-in-law; and to see all at once a fellow whom perhaps you had been thinking badly of two minutes before, wishing no good to—to see him lying there stiff and stark——"

"I beg you a thousand pardons, Rintoul," Millefleurs said gravely. And they went in together, saying no more.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LADY LINDORES and Edith were carried along through the darkness of the night with that curious sense of rapid, unseen movement which has in it a kind of soothing influence upon suspense and mental distress. They spoke to each other in the darkness of Carry—poor Carry! how would she take it? but yet never ventured, even to each other, to express the innermost feeling in their minds on this subject. As they drove along, the gleam of other lamps went rapidly past them close to the gate of Dalrulzian, leading back their thoughts for a moment to other interests. "It is John Erskine's dog-cart. Is he going away? is it some one arriving? has he been dining somewhere?" Lady Lindores said, with the unconscious curiosity of the country. Then she said with a little shudder, "I wonder if he can have heard?"—that first question which always suggests itself in the face of a great event. "How strange to think that some one has been peacefully dining out while *that* has been happening—so near!" Edith answered only by pressing her mother's arm in which her own was entwined, as they sat close together for mutual consolation. She had other troubled, wandering thoughts aching in her own heart; but of these she said nothing, but watched the lamps turning up the Dalrulzian avenue with a thrill of mingled feeling, half angry that he should not have divined she was in trouble, half glad that he thus proved his ignorance of all that had occurred. Thus unknowing, Carry's mother and sister crossed in the dark another new actor in Carry's history, of whom no one as yet had thought.

Carry was seated in her own room

alone. It was her natural refuge at such a moment. A fire had been lighted by the anxious servants—who saw her shiver in the nervous excitement of this great and terrible event—and blazed brightly, throwing ruddy gleams of light through the room, and wavering ghostly shadows upon the wall. The great bed, with its tall canopies and heavy ornaments, shrouded round with satin curtains, looped and festooned with tarnished gold lace and every kind of clumsy grandeur, stood like a sort of catafalque, the object of a thousand airy assaults and attacks from the fantastic light, but always dark,—a funeral object in the midst; while the tall, polished wardrobes all round the room gave back reflections like dim mirrors, showing nothing but the light. Two groups of candles on the high mantelpiece, twinkling against the dark wall, were the only other illuminations. Carry sat sunk in a big chair close to the fire. If she could have cried,—if she could have talked and lamented,—if she could have gone to bed—or, failing this, if she had read her Bible,—the maids in the house, who hung about the doors in anxiety and curiosity, would have felt consoled for her. But she did none of these. She only sat there, her slight figure lost in the depths of the chair, still in the white dress which she had worn to receive her guests in the morning. She had not stirred—the women said, gathering round Lady Lindores in whispering eagerness—for hours, and had not even touched the cup of tea they had carried to her. "Oh, my lady, do something to make her cry," the women said. "If she doesn't get it out it'll break her heart." They had forgotten, with the facile emotion which death, and especially a death so sudden, calls forth, that the master had been anything but the most devoted of husbands, or his wife other than the lovingest of wives. This pious superstition is always ready to smooth away the horror of deaths which are a grief to no one. "Your man's your man when a's done, even if he's but an ill ane," was the sentiment of the awe-stricken household. "Ye never ken what he's been to ye till ye lose him." It gave them all a sense of elevation that Lady Caroline should, as they thought, be wrapped in hopeless grief,—it made them think better of her and of themselves. The two ladies went into the ghostly room with something of the same feeling. Lady Lindores felt that she understood it—that she had expected it. Had not her own mind been

filled by sudden compunction — the thought that perhaps she had been less tolerant of the dead man than she ought; and how much more must Carry, poor Carry, have felt the awe and pang of an almost remorse to think that he was gone without a word against whom her heart had risen in such rebellion, yet who was of all men the most closely involved in her very being? Lady Lindores comprehended it all; and yet it was a relief to her mind that Carry felt it so, and could thus wear the garb of mourning with reality and truth. She went in with her heart full, with tears in her eyes, the profoundest, tender pity for the dead, the deepest sympathy with her child in sorrow. The room was very large, very still, very dark, save for that ruddy twilight, the two little groups of pale lights glimmering high up upon the wall, and no sign of any human presence. "Carry, my darling!" her mother said, wondering and dismayed. Then there was a faint sound, and Carry rose, tall, slim, and white, like a ghost out of the gloom. She had been sitting there for hours, lost in thoughts, in dreams, and visions. She seemed to herself to have so exhausted this event by thinking of it, that it was now years away. She stepped forward and met her mother, tenderly indeed, but with no effusion. "Have you come all the way so late to be with me, mother? How kind, how kind you are! And Edith too —"

"Kind!" cried Lady Lindores, with an almost angry bewilderment. "Did you not know I would come, Carry, my poor child? But you are stunned with this blow —"

"I suppose I was at first. Yes, I knew you would come — at first; but it seems so long since. Sit down, mother; you are cold. You have had such a miserable drive. Come near to the fire —"

"Carry, Carry dear, never mind us; it is you we are all thinking of. You must not sit there and drive yourself distracted thinking."

"Let me take off this shawl from your cap, mamma. Now you look more comfortable. Have you brought your things to stay? I am ringing to have fires lit in your rooms. Oh yes, I want you to stay. I have never been able to endure this house, you know, and those large rooms, and the desert feeling in it. And you will have some tea or something. I must give orders —"

"Carry," cried her mother, arresting her hand on the bell, "Edith and I will see to all that. Don't pay any attention

to us. I have come to take care of you, my dearest. Carry, dear, your nerves are all shattered. How could it be otherwise? You must let me get you something, — they say you have taken nothing, — and you must go to bed."

"I don't think my nerves are shattered. I am quite well. There is nothing the matter with me. You forget," she said, with something like a faint laugh, "how often we have said, mamma, how absurd to send and ask after a woman's health when there is nothing the matter with her, when only she has lost —" Here she paused a little, and then said gravely, "Even grief does not affect the health."

"Very often it does not, dear; but, Carry, you must not forget that you have had a terrible shock. Even I, who am not so nearly involved — even I —" Here Lady Lindores, in her excitement and agitation, lost her voice altogether, and sobbed, unable to command herself. "Oh, poor fellow! poor fellow!" she said, with broken tones. "In a moment, Carry, without warning!"

Carry went to her mother's side, and drew her head upon her breast. She was perfectly composed, without a tear. "I have thought of all that," she said; "I cannot think it matters. If God is the Father of us all, we are the same to him, dead or living. What can it matter to him that we should make preparations to appear before him? Oh, all that must be folly, mother. However bad I had been, should I have to prepare to go to you?"

"Carry, Carry, my darling! It is I that should be saying this to you. You are putting too much force upon yourself — it is unnatural; it will be all the more terrible for you after."

Carry stood stooping over her mother, holding Lady Lindores's head against her bosom. She smiled faintly, and shook her head. "Has it not been unnatural altogether?" she said.

To Edith standing behind, this strange scene appeared like a picture — part of the phantasmagoria of which her sister had for years been the centre; her mind leapt back to the discussions which preceded Carry's marriage, the hopeless yielding of the victim, the perplexity and misery of the mother. Now they had changed positions, but the same strange haze of terror and pity, yet almost indignation, was in her own breast. She had been the judge then — in a smaller degree she was the judge now. But this plea stopped her confused and painful thoughts. Has it not been unnatural altogether?

Edith's impulse was to escape from a problem which she could not deal with. "I will go and see the children," she said.

"The children—poor children! have you seen them, Carry? do they know?" said Lady Lindores, drying the tears—the only tears that had been shed for Torrance—from her cheeks.

Carry did not make any reply. She went away to the other end of the room and took up a white shawl in which she wrapped herself. "The only thing I feel is cold," she said.

"Ah, my love, that is the commonest feeling. I have felt sometimes as if I could just drag myself to the fire like a wounded animal and care for nothing more."

"But, mother, you were never in any such terrible trouble."

"Not like this—but I have lost children," said Lady Lindores. She had to pause again, her lip quivering. "To be only sorrow, there is no sorrow like that."

She had risen, and they stood together, the fantastic firelight throwing long shadows of them all over the dim and ghastly room. Suddenly Carry flung herself into her mother's arms. "Oh, my innocent mother!" she cried. "Oh, mother! you only know such troubles as angels may have. Look at me! look at me! I am like a mad woman. I am keeping myself in, as you say, that I may not go mad—with joy!"

Lady Lindores gave a low, terrible cry, and held her daughter in her arm, pressing her desperately to her heart as if to silence her. "No, Carry—no, no," she cried.

"It is true. To think I shall never be subject to all *that* any more—that he can never come in here again—that I am free—that I can be alone. Oh, mother, how can you tell what it is? Never to be alone: never to have a corner in the world where—some one else has not a right to come, a better right than yourself. I don't know how I have borne it. I don't know how I can have lived, disgusted, loathing myself. No, no; sometime else I shall be sorry when I have time to think, when I can forget what it is that has happened to me—but in the mean time I am too happy—too—"

Lady Lindores put her hand upon her daughter's mouth. "No, no, Carry; I cannot bear it—you must not say it," she cried.

Carry took her mother's hands and kissed them, and then began to sob—the

tears pouring from her eyes like rain. "I will not say anything," she cried; "no no—nothing, mother. I had to tell you to relieve my heart. I have been able to think of nothing else all these hours. I have never had so many hours to myself for years. It is so sweet to sit still and know that no one will burst the door open and come in. Here I can be sacred to myself, and sit and think; and all quiet—all quiet about me." Carry looked up, clasping her hands, with the tears dropping now and then, but a smile quivering upon her mouth and in her eyes. She seemed to have reached that height of passionate emotion—the edge where expression at its highest almost loses itself, and a blank of all meaning seems the next possibility. In her white dress, with her upturned face and the wild gleam of rapture in her eyes, she was like an unearthly creature. But to describe Lady Lindores's anguish and terror and pain would be impossible. She thought her daughter was distraught. Never in her life had she come in contact with feeling so absolute, subdued by no sense of natural fitness, or even by right and wrong. Her only comfort was that Edith had not been present to hear and see this revelation. And the truth was that her own heart, though so panic-stricken and penetrated with so much pity for the dead, understood too, with a guilty throb, the overwhelming sense of emancipation which drove everything else from Carry's mind. She had feared it would be so. She would not allow herself to think so; but all through the darkness of the night as she drove along, she had been trembling lest she should find Carry not heart-broken but happy, yet had trusted that pity somehow would keep her in the atmosphere of gloom which ought to surround a new-made widow. It hurt Lady Lindores's tender heart that a woman should be glad when her husband died, however unworthy that husband might have been. She did her best now to soothe the excited creature, who took her excitement for happiness.

"We will talk of this no more to-night, Carry; by-and-by you will see how pitiful it all is. You will feel—as I feel. But in the mean time you are worn out. This terrible shock, even though you may think you do not feel it, has thrown you into a fever. You must let me put you to bed."

"Not here," she said with a shudder, looking round the room; "not here—I could not rest here."

"That is natural," Lady Lindores said

with a sigh: "You must come with me, Carry."

"Home, mother—home! Oh, if I could! not even to Lindores,—to one of the old poor places where we were so happy——"

"When we had no home," the mother said, shaking her head. But she, too, got a wistful look in her eyes at the recollection. Those days when they were poor, wandering, of no account; when it mattered little to any one but themselves where they went, what the children might do, what alliances they made,—what halcyon days these were to look back on! In those days this miserable union, which had ended so miserably, could never have been made. Was it worth while to have had so many additional possessions added to them—rank and apparent elevation—for such a result? But she could not permit herself to think, with Carry sitting by, too ready to relapse into those feverish musings which were so terrible. She put her arm round her child and drew her tenderly away. They left the room with the lights against the wall, and the firelight giving it a *faux air* of warmth and inhabitation. Its emptiness was scarcely less tragic, scarcely less significant, than the chill of the other great room—the state chamber—in the other wing, where, with lights burning solemnly about him all night, the master of the house lay dead, unwatched by either love or sorrow. There were gloom and panic, and the shock of a great catastrophe in the house. There were even honest regrets; for he had not been a bad master, though often a rough one: but nothing more tender. And Carry lay down with her mother's arms round her and slept, and woke in the night, and asked herself what it was; then lay still in a solemn happiness—exhausted, peaceful—feeling as if she desired nothing more. She was delivered: as she lay silent, hidden in the darkness and peace of the night, she went over and over this one certainty, so terrible yet so sweet. "God forgive me! God forgive me!" she said softly to herself, her very breathing hushed with the sense of relief. She had come out of death into life. Was it wrong to be glad? That it was a shame and outrage upon nature was no fault of poor Carry. Sweet tears rolled into her eyes, her jarred and thwarted being came back into harmony. She lay and counted the dark silent hours striking one by one, feeling herself all wrapped in peace and

ease, as if she lay in some sacred shrine. To-morrow would bring back the veils and shrouds of outside life—the need of concealment, of self-restraint, almost of hypocrisy—the strain and pain of a new existence to be begun; but to-night—this one blessed night of deliverance—was her own.

From The Spectator.

PROFESSOR CLERK MAXWELL.*

It is well known, at least among educated men, that the late Professor Clerk Maxwell was not only unsurpassed, but unrivalled, in certain departments of physical science. The readers of this volume will learn, in addition, that he was profoundly versed in metaphysical science; had an accurate and unusually extensive knowledge of English literature; and combined with a scholarly knowledge of Latin and Greek a fluent mastery of French, German, and Italian. They will also learn that he was a man of most amiable and winning character. But only those who knew him personally can fully appreciate the incommunicable charm of the singular modesty, and humor, and love of fun which were united in him with the highest intellectual gifts and acquirements; and, let us add, with the most genuine, though unobtrusive, piety. No one who had the privilege of his acquaintance will accuse his biographers of exaggeration when they describe him as "a man of profound original genius, who was also one of the best men who have lived, and, to those who knew him, one of the most delightful and interesting of human beings."

Mr. Clerk Maxwell came of an old Midlothian family, and was connected with some of the best blood intellectually in the south of Scotland, including the Drummonds, of Hawthornden, and the family of Sir Walter Scott. His own direct ancestors had been for generations remarkable for their talents and accomplishments, which were seasoned, like his own, with a considerable spicing of humorous eccentricity. His grandfather, a naval captain in the service of the East

* *The Life of James Clerk Maxwell.* With a Selection from his Correspondence and Occasional Writings, and a Sketch of his Contributions to Science. By Lewis Campbell, LL.D., Professor of Greek in the University of St. Andrew's; and William Garnett, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Professor of Natural Philosophy in University College, Nottingham. London: Macmillan and Co. 1882.

India Company, was an expert player on the bagpipes, a set of which he always kept with him on board ship, and which, on one occasion, was the means of saving his life from a double danger. Being wrecked in the Hooghly, he used the bag of his pipes to keep him afloat while swimming ashore; and when he landed he "played an unco fit" to cheer the survivors, and succeeded at the same time in frightening away some tigers which were stalking the party. Maxwell's father was an advocate by profession, but was also, though a second son, the owner of a small landed property. His modest competency may possibly have slackened his zeal in the prosecution of his profession. At all events, his practice at the bar never became a serious business, and on his marriage he retired with his wife to his property of Glenlair, in Kirkcudbrightshire. Here he developed that turn for mechanical ingenuity which his son applied with so much skill to the elucidation of the most abstruse problems in mathematical science. He was particularly as to the necessity of having plenty of room for his toes, and had his shoes made under his own directions by a country shoemaker, and on a last of his own make. He also cut out his own and his son's shirts, and was his own architect and master mason in the buildings which he put upon his property. His illustrious son was born in Edinburgh in the year 1831, but his childhood was spent at Glenlair. Before he had reached his third year his mother describes him as exercising his curiosity on "doors, locks, keys," etc., and "Show un how it doos" is never out of his mouth. "He also investigates the hidden course of streams and bell-wires, the way the water gets from the pond through the wall and a pend, or small bridge, and down a drain into the river Orr." Throughout his childhood his constant question was "What's the go o' that? What does it do?" Nor would he be put off with a vague or an evasive answer, but would press home the question with "But what's the particular go of it?" At the age of two years and a half his nurse gave him a tin plate to play with. Observing the reflection of the sun following the motion of the plate round the room, the child called his father and mother, and sent the reflection across their faces, explaining at the same time that he had "got the sun in with the tin plate." At the age of eight he lost his mother, and was very unfortunate in the tutor whom his father then provided for

him. The tutor pronounced his pupil dull; but the dulness was doubtless due to the tutor's method of teaching rather than to young Maxwell's capacity to learn. The nervous hesitation of manner which always slightly marked Clerk Maxwell is said to have been caused by the unmerciful ear-boxing and ear-pulling to which he was used at that time to be subject; and one of the first uses to which he put his turn for mechanics was in contriving an amusing means of escape from his tutor's rough treatment. He taught himself to paddle about in an ordinary wash-tub, and in this novel kind of canoe he used to push out into the middle of a deep duck-pond till the tutor came to terms. In a letter written at the age of ten he tells his father, with great pride, how he had taught one of the laborers' boys to sail with him in the tub; "and we are improving, and I can make it go without spinning."

In the year 1841 Clerk Maxwell, aged ten, was sent to the Edinburgh Academy. Here his rustic dress and eccentric ways procured him the sobriquet of "Dafty." To a chorus of tormentors who demanded "Who made those shoes?" "Dafty" readily answered, in broad Galloway *patois*:—

Did ye ken, 'twas a man,
And he lived in a house,
In whilk was a mouse?

He bore the teasing of his school-fellows, however, with excellent humor, till one day when, being more than usually provoked, he retaliated with unexpected vigor on his assailants, and was thenceforth let alone. Gradually, also, he began to show the extraordinary ability which lay hidden under the humorous eccentricities of "Dafty." In his fourteenth year he got the eleventh prize for scholarship, the first for English, the prize for English verse, and the mathematical medal. At the age of fifteen young Maxwell made a discovery in conic sections, of which Professor Forbes thought so highly that he read a paper on it before the Edinburgh Royal Society. The boy found himself suddenly famous; but he seems to have thought no more of the distinction he had achieved than he did of the art of paddling a wash-tub without making it spin.

At the age of sixteen he entered the University of Edinburgh, where he spent three years. He went through the ordinary curriculum, took great interest in the study of logic and metaphysics under Sir W. Hamilton, and was an omnivorous

Still
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mee
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reader. But amid his multifarious studies he found time to pursue his researches into physical science, especially the properties of light and color, galvanism, rolling curves, and compression of solids. On some of these subjects he wrote papers which were read by distinguished men before the Edinburgh Royal Society, for it was not considered quite proper to let them be read by a lad in a short jacket. In his nineteenth year he became an undergraduate of Peterhouse, Cambridge, but soon migrated to Trinity. "I well remember," says one of his twin biographers and fellow-students, "my surprise, not unmixed with jealousy, on finding in the following summer that Maxwell had all at once made a troop of friends." He studied much, though somewhat discursively; and he also took much bodily exercise, chiefly in bathing and sculling, in both of which he excelled; but also in other ways, of which the following is an example:—

From 2 to 2.30 A.M. he took exercise by running along the corridor, down the stairs, along the lower corridor, then up the stairs, and so on, until the inhabitants of the rooms along his track got up, and lay *perdu* behind their sporting-doors, to have shots at him with boots, hair-brushes, etc., as he passed.

But nothing could ever put Clerk Maxwell out of humor, and his abounding fun was so genuine and fresh that it was impossible ever to be seriously offended with him. He was an excellent versifier, both in the grave and comic style. Here is a parody on the laws of the impact of solid bodies:—

Gin a body meet a body,
Flyin' through the air,
Gin a body hit a body,
Will it fly? and where?
Ilka impact has its measure,
Ne'er a ane hae I;
Yet a' the lads they measure me,
Or, at least, they try.

Gin a body meet a body
Altogether free,
How they travel afterwards,
We do not always see,
Ilka problem has its method,
By analytics high;
For me, I kenna one o' them.
But what the waur am I?

Still more amusing are his "Notes of the President's (Tyndall's) Address," at the meeting of the British Association in Belfast, in 1874. Here is a sample:—

Thus the pure elementary atom, the unit of mass and of thought,
By force of mere juxtaposition to life and sensation is brought;
So, down through untold generations, transmission of structureless germs,
Enables our race to inherit the thoughts of beasts, fishes, and worms.
We honor our fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers, too;
But how shall we honor the vista of ancestors *now* in our view?
First, then, let us honor the atom, so lively, so wise, and so small;
The atomists next let us praise, Epicurus, Lucretius, and all;
Let us damn with faint praise Bishop Butler, in whom many atoms combined
To form that remarkable structure it pleased him to call—his mind.
Last, praise we the noble Body to which for the time we belong,
Ere yet the swift whirl of the atoms has hurried us, ruthless, along,
The British Association—like Leviathan, worshipped by Hobbes,
The incarnation of wisdom, built up of our witless nobles,
Which will carry on endless discussions when I, and probably you,
Have melted in infinite azure—in English, till all is blue.

The fun of the whole parody can only be appreciated by comparing it with Professor Tyndall's presidential address.

If Maxwell's reading at Cambridge had been less discursive, there is little doubt that he would have come out first wrangler. As it was, he took the second place, but was soon afterwards bracketed equal with the first wrangler as Smith's prizeman. A fellowship at Trinity followed as a matter of course, and Maxwell settled down as a college tutor. After two years of that work, however, he was appointed professor of natural philosophy in Marischal College, Aberdeen, a post which he retained till the abolition of his chair by the fusion of Marischal and King's Colleges into one university. This was in 1860, and in the same year Maxwell was appointed to the vacant professorship of natural philosophy in King's College, London. In 1871 the chair of experimental physics was founded in the University of Cambridge, and Clerk Maxwell was appointed as *facile princeps* the fittest man for the post. He held it till he died, in 1879.

This is not the place to appraise Clerk Maxwell's contributions to physical science. It was said with truth, in one of the obituary notices of him, that "it is seldom that the faculties of invention and

exposition, the attachment to physical science and capability of developing it mathematically, have been found existing in one mind to the same degree." His prize essay on the rings of Saturn is a palmary instance of this. The late astronomer royal characterized that essay as "one of the most remarkable applications of mathematics to physics that I have ever seen." The marvellous lucidity of Maxwell's reasoning enables even the non-mathematical reader to follow him. Nothing escaped his keen observation, and even in ordinary society he was on the watch for hints or illustrations on the subjects which interested him. "When at table, he often seemed abstracted from what was going on, being absorbed in observing the effects of refracted light in the finger-glasses, or in trying some experiments with his eyes, seeing round a corner, making invisible stereoscopes, and the like." In a letter to a friend he says he found "the curve which Sir David Brewster makes when he squints at a wall." The discovery thus humorously mentioned he turned to a practical use, for in a subsequent letter he says that he had "constructed a pair of squinting spectacles, and am beginning operations on a squinting man."

Maxwell was a very good judge of character, and possessed the happy knack of hitting off at a glance the salient points of persons he had casually met for the first time. Here is his description, dashed with some slight exaggeration, of a lady who has since risen to considerable literary reputation. The description is written within a few hours of meeting her for the first time:—

Our gay litter(ar)y widow, charming never so wisely, with her hair about her ears, and her elbows on her knees, on a low stool, talking Handel, or Ruskin, or Macaulay, or general pathos of unprotected female, passing off into criticism, witticism, pleasantry, unmitigated slang, sporting and betting. . . . The young widow fixed on Colin, and informed him that if Solomon were to reappear with all his wisdom, as well as his glory, he would yet have to learn the polka; and that the mode of feasting adopted by the Incas of Peru reminded her strongly of a custom prevalent among a Merovingian race of Kings of France. Living in the Pampas she regarded as an enviable lot, and she was at a loss to know the best mode of studying Euclid, for the advantage of being able to teach a young brother of six years old.

Maxwell was devoted to animals, and "seemed," as one who knew him well ex-

presses it, "to get inside them more than other people." He had a favorite terrier, which had a trick of howling whenever the piano was played. Maxwell completely cured it of the habit. "I took 'Coonie' to the piano," he said, "and explained to him how it went: that was all." He declared "he could not" vivisection.

It remains only to add that Clerk Maxwell was a most humble-minded and devout Christian. It was with suppressed scorn that he regarded the attempts made to assail Christianity by the misapplication of scientific arguments. When his fatal illness got hold of him, he was beginning a review of Professor Clifford's "Lectures and Essays," which, he said, "wanted trouncing," though "the trouncing had to be done with extreme care and gentleness,—Clifford was such a nice fellow." All theories which would account for the existence of the world without a personal Creator he pronounced "unworkable;" and in an elaborate paper on molecules he showed that "no theory of evolution can be found to account for the similarity of molecules, for evolution necessarily implies continuous change, and the molecule is incapable of growth or decay, of generation or destruction." Molecules "continue this day as they were created, perfect in number, measure, and weight; and from the ineffaceable characters impressed on them we may learn that those aspirations after accuracy in measurement and justice in action which we reckon among our noblest attributes as men, are ours because they are essential constituents of the image of Him who in the beginning created, not only the heaven and the earth, but the materials of which heaven and earth consist." The premature death of such a man was a grievous loss, not only to science, but to Christianity.

From The Spectator.

IMMORTALITY WITHOUT GOD.

MR. ST. GEORGE STOCK, an accomplished Oxonian, who believes, though not without having found many cases of imposture, in those manifestations of invisible agents which are classed generally under the head of modern Spiritualism, has just published a book, called "Attempts at Truth,"* which invents for

* Published by Trübner and Co.

sceptics a new horror, a horror such as the scepticism of ancient times hardly ever conceived. A great many thinkers have contended that while there is the most absolute proof of the existence of a spiritually perfect God, there is no proof whatever of the continued existence after death of human beings. A great many have contended that there is proof of both, — the existence of a spiritually perfect God, and the continued existence after death of the beings whom he created in his own image. But it has been reserved for modern times to invent the horrible creed that while there is the most convincing evidence that human beings survive death, — and cannot, whether they will or not, help surviving death, — the belief in the spiritually perfect God, or in any God who deserves the love and trust of human beings, is not only a guess in the dark, but a guess in the dark decidedly inconsistent with all the convergent lines of our actual knowledge. And this, if we understand his book aright, is certainly Mr. St. George Stock's creed. "We have examined theism as a theory of the universe," he writes, "and have found it inadequate and unsupported. Further, we have satisfied ourselves that the origin of the delusive theory may be clearly traced out." And again, "We are learning to regard with aversion any hypothesis which, instead of reconciling moral difficulties, simply adds one more to the number, — and such an hypothesis is theism." We are not going into the reasons alleged by Mr. Stock for this assertion. They are reasons with which all those who look into discussions of this kind are sufficiently familiar, and which, though ably stated by Mr. Stock, have been even more ably stated by others, both those who have regarded them as final, and those who have estimated them as mere dust in the balance, when compared with the reasons on the other side. What we do want to call attention to is the extraordinary horror which seems to us to be lent to atheism by the belief in the continued existence of men after death, — in other words, an involuntary immortality in a universe of the key to which we are declared to know nothing, except that that key is not a divine character. We say an involuntary immortality because, though Mr. Stock would certainly insist, and does insist, that even Spiritualism is no evidence of immortality, but only evidence against the finality of earthly death, and that for anything we know, there may

be some final extinction in store even for those who have passed through earthly death without extinction, still, we shall find very few people willing to believe that if the only kind of death of which we know anything, and the only kind within our reach, is not death at all, but a mere introduction to life of a subtler kind, there may yet be in the future some mode of really quenching our personal consciousness of which we have had absolutely no experience here. We should never have had the idea of death at all, but for the death of the body. If that proves to be no death, the hope — for if modern speculative tendencies are to be confirmed, it might easily become a hope, — of getting rid of the burden of life by virtue of some future change of which we have no glimpse here, would not burn very strong in any human soul. The prospect which Mr. Stock's book sets before the eyes of those who have no deeply-rooted belief in God is, therefore, as we said, that of an involuntary personal immortality, over the course of which no divine purpose or love presides. Why that destiny might not be one of excruciating agony which no one and no remedy could by any possibility relieve, and this not merely for the evil, but for the good, — indeed, for any, whether evil or good, whom the particular ins-and-outs of the inscrutable law of evolution might happen to strike with misery, — it seems to us simply impossible, on Mr. St. George Stock's principles, to assign any sort of reason.

We are aware that Mr. Stock himself does not concede this. "Our real belief," he says, "is in progress, in development, in the tendency of the human soul, with all things else, upwards; in a triumph, slow, but sure, over moral and physical evil." And again, he says: "Loyalty to a divine person will some day become extinct as a manifestation of the feeling which ought to sway us in our relations to that whereof we form so insignificant a part; but its place will be taken by a conscious and cheerful accordance with the laws which make for the well-being of the universe." But Mr. St. George Stock is here as disloyal to that pure reason to which he professes so thorough an allegiance as the most bigoted theologian on whom he looks down. What can he mean, on his theory, by talking of the progress "slow, but *sure*," over all moral and physical evil? What can he mean by calmly assuming laws which "make for the well-being of the

universe"? Is he referring simply to the lessons of experience? Why, the lessons of experience, even if they be as favorable as he holds, which — apart from intuition and revelation — they certainly are not, give us so very minute a fraction of the orbit on which we are launched, that it is simply impossible from it to compute the remainder. If the origin of the universe be unknown, and probably unknowable, as Mr. Stock evidently thinks, if it be childish anthropomorphism to attribute creation and its laws to divine goodness, who shall pretend to say that even with the help of those alarming glimpses into the chequered amiability and malignity, shrewdness and imbecility, of the world of spirits in the truth of which Mr. Stock believes, we can put the least confidence in the "sure" triumph over physical and moral evil, or in the existence of laws which must "make for the well-being of the universe"? All we can say with any confidence on that view is that no one knows more than an infinitesimal fragment of the endless life of the human race, or more than an infinitesimal fragment of the endless life of any one individual of the human race. We do know that mighty physical worlds are sometimes in conflagration; that our own world was once a desert, and will some day be a desert again; and that if what is called "Spiritualism" can be trusted at all — as Mr. Stock thinks it can — to give us news of the invisible, there is enough knavery and silliness in the world of spirits to make rational men quake at the thought of the new stimulus which disembodiment may give to lying and crafty and malignant characters, and the new license which it may confer on chattering gossips, when once rid of both head and heart. And this, apart from our faith in God, is nearly all we know. There is absolutely nothing apart from that faith to show that whole tribes and armies of immortal spirits may not be condemned, through some obstruction or knot, as it were, in a limping law of evolution, to live forever in that condition of permanent and hopeless melancholy into which we too often see even the best amongst the aged sink, as the vital powers fail and the time of bodily dissolution draws near. If evolution be not the form of God's government, but, as Mr. Stock thinks, rather the germ of the best substitute for God of which he can find any trace, then we have absolutely no more reason to expect the evolution of immortally good and happy beings, than of immortally good and unhappy beings, or

than of immortally evil and happy beings, or than of some capricious mixture of the two.

Mr. Stock assumes the true utilitarian principle as the sole basis of his ethics, yet argues against the cutting off of feeble children with a view to promote the "natural selection" of a healthy physical type, on the ground that "we should be happier in a world where all were cripples and all kind, than in a world where every one was blessed with physical organs which he employed to the detriment of his neighbors." But he does not observe that it is hardly detrimental to your neighbor, in any true sense, to send a cripple with no prospect of anything but ill-health here, somewhat earlier into a world where he is presumably rid of his physical deformity; so that with perfect confidence in Spiritualism, and no belief in the being or laws of God, this practice of destroying the feeble infants might very easily be justified. But we have quoted this remark, not so much for the sake of this comment, as because it suggests at once the question why, in a universe of which the ultimate origin and goal are unknown and probably unknowable, we might not actually encounter a condition of things in which not only great numbers should be cripples, but great numbers should be spiritual and immortal cripples, keenly sensible of their crippled minds and of their absolute and eternal inability to rid themselves of the pain they suffer. Mr. St. George Stock evidently contemplates calmly the possibility that in the future the physical development of hereditary diseases, coupled with our growing disposition to cherish the weak and the suffering, might tend to a universal crippleddom upon earth. But surely the life of earth should be to him a fair sample of the endless life; at least, apart from his superstitious faith in a "law of progress" which neither he nor any other man can verify for more than a few inches in the vast sweep of an infinite arc, there is absolutely no reason to anticipate that there would not be in the world of spirits in which he believes, the closest possible analogies to the misfortunes of our physical world; and, if so, a spiritual world in which mental sufferers should constitute the great majority, would be at least as likely as an earth in which physical sufferers should constitute the great majority. As well might the inhabitants of Pompeii, just before the eruption which destroyed the town, have talked of the "law of progress" as securing them a great future for Pompeii, as we poor creatures, just be-

cause death had not ended our existence, count upon "the law of progress" to secure us a great future in the spiritual life. Apart from faith in God, immortal life should be the most fearful of terrors to us all, should be what Shelley makes Beatrice conceive as "the wide, grey, lampless, deep, unpeopled world," in which we might meet with any destiny however fearful, because a destiny controlled neither by wisdom nor love. It is awful enough to think of seventy years without God; but to think of eternity passed not only without God, but subject to the caprice of laws of the origin and end of which you know nothing, except that they will yield you, in all probability, no escape from your conscious existence, no such possibility, even as death, is a conception of too grotesque a horror to be permanently consistent with the reason of mankind. To us, at least, it suggests a spiritual Bedlam or Earlswood, from which there could be no release, since the steady expectation of an endless existence to be lived under the absolute despotism of a soulless, purposeless, and enigmatic fate, would inevitably drive all beings whose minds could by any possibility be unhinged to either insanity or idiocy; or, if that be impossible, in spiritual existence, then to chill, grey, hopeless melancholy.

From The English Mechanic.
ANIMAL PARTNERSHIPS.

AN intimate connection subsisting between different animals is that known as *commensalism*; commensals being creatures which may be said to sit at the same table, but which do not prey upon one another. Of late years naturalists have become acquainted with numerous examples of this form of animal partnership, and in the newly issued volume of the "Transactions and Proceedings of the New Zealand Institute," a fresh instance occurring where they seem to be rarest, namely, among the higher animals, is recorded. In one of the Chicken Islands, off the New Zealand coast, lately visited, a curious lizard known as the tuatara and certain species of petrels were found inhabiting the same burrows, apparently on the best of terms. In rare cases the burrow, which consists of a passage two or three feet long, ending in a chamber a foot and a half long, one foot broad, and six inches high, is the work of the bird; as a rule, however, the lizard is the excavator. Each builds its nest on opposite

sides of the chamber, the lizard almost invariably choosing the right, and the petrel the left side. The former sits with its head close to the entrance so as to defend it, and if a hand or a stick be inserted into the passage, the creature bites at it furiously. The tuatara feeds partly on worms and beetles, and partly on the remnants of fishes and crustaceans brought to their common table by the petrel; both animals being thus benefited by the co-partnery. So much probably cannot be said of the prairie dog, whose underground home on the plains of North America is frequently shared by the rattlesnake and the burrowing owl. These were at one time supposed to form a "happy family," but considerable doubt has been cast on the point by the discovery of young prairie dogs in the stomach of the rattlesnake. In certain parts of South America the rabbit-like viscacha has a messmate in a little burrowing owl, which is thus saved the labor of excavating a home for itself; but in Banda Oriental, where the viscacha does not occur, the owl has to do its own burrowing. Among insects a few cases of commensalism are on record; but the first known instance of its occurrence among caterpillars was recently recorded by Fritz Müller. He found two caterpillars in Brazil living on the leaves of the mulberry. The larger one was protected by a covering of long, stinging hairs or thorns; and like most caterpillars similarly protected, its coloring was exceedingly bright and conspicuous. The other—a small blackish form—sat across the back of its gaudy partner, enjoying the protection afforded to both by the surrounding stinging hairs. On removing the smaller caterpillar from its retreat, Mr. Müller found that it made its way back again as quickly as it could. Under an anæsthetic administered to it, the larger caterpillar died, and its hitherto attached friend was then observed to leave it and to make its way to the back of a living specimen.

It is among marine animals, however, that the phenomenon of commensalism has been most frequently observed. The remora is a feeble fish, little able to make its way alone in the world of waters, yet there are few fishes which have a wider distribution. It owes its success in life to the powerful alliances it forms. One of its fins has been transformed into a sucker, placed right on the top of its head, by means of which it attaches itself firmly to any passing shark, whale, or even ship—no doubt taking the latter for some huge sea monster. By these it is

transported, without further exertion on its part, over great distances, meanwhile picking up such food as may come in its way. According to Beneden, the fishermen of Mozambique make use of the remora for fishing purposes. Passing a ring, to which a cord is attached, through the tail of the creature, they send it in pursuit of any passing fish or turtle, and so tenacious is its hold that the object of its attachment is usually secured. Few fishes are better fitted to succeed in the struggle for existence than the angler or fishing frog, which, hiding itself for the most part in the mud of the sea bottom, hangs out its fishing-rod with tempting bait, right over its capacious mouth. In the branchial sac of this fish, as found in the Mediterranean, an eel is said to reside, and to share in the abundant food supply of the lucky angler. Several small fishes have also been found habitually to lodge in the mouth cavity of a Brazilian catfish, sharing such food as the latter may succeed in capturing. The marine enemies of the smaller fish are so numerous that it is only by retreating to places inaccessible, or at least distasteful, to their foes that they have a chance of survival. A favorite shelter with many small fishes is the umbrella-like disc of the larger sea-jellies, the stinging properties of which probably cause them to be avoided by the other denizens of the deep. As many as twenty fishes have, according to A. Agassiz, been counted swimming within the fringed margin of one of those pulsating umbrellas. Dr. Collingwood, when sailing in the China seas, once observed a large number of individuals of the sea-jelly popularly known as the "man-of-war," each of which had beneath its bladder, and protected by its long tentacles, a cluster of about a dozen small fishes. He also observed that while every "man-of-war" had its shoal, the fishes under small specimens of this sea-jelly were small, while those under larger ones were correspondingly big. The same naturalist traveller was among the first to notice the existence of a fish-sheltering sea-anemone. He discovered on a reef in the neighborhood of Labuan an anemone which, when expanded, measured fully two feet in diameter. Over this monster zoophyte there hovered a pretty little fish, which, when driven off, invariably returned to its former position. Suspecting some connection between fish and anemone, he began raking about with a stick in the body of the latter, and succeeded in dislodging six similar fishes from the body cavity of the zoophyte.

From the ease with which they allowed themselves to be captured, they were evidently unaccustomed to swimming far beyond the protection of the stinging tentacles of the anemone. The holothurians; or sea-cucumbers, are another group of lowly marine forms which afford shelter to fishes. The eel-like fishes forming the genus *Fierasfer* have this habit; but they are not the only commensals of those accommodating sea-cucumbers. Professor Carl Semper, when investigating this subject among the Philippine Islands, found shrimps and pea-crabs as well as the *Fierasfer* living within the respiratory cavity and sharing in the food supply of a single holothurian. He further states that he has seen specimens which, in this matter, bore a considerable resemblance to an hotel with its *table d'hôte*. A copartnery, profitable to both parties, exists between several species of crabs and sea-anemones. In the China seas there is a crab which invariably has the same species of anemone on its back, while the latter, it is said, is never seen apart from the crab. By this association the normally sedentary anemone becomes as locomotive as the roving crustacean, while the crab gladly bears the burden for the protection its commensal fortress affords. Further, there is the hermit crab, which tenants a molluscan shell, but which also contrives to have a particular species of anemone always attached to its adopted home. How friendly the two are was shown by Mr. Gosse, for when he removed the anemone he found that the hermit invariably took it up again and held it patiently in its claws, against the shell, for about ten minutes at a time, until it had fairly taken hold again. There are other two species of crabs noticed lately by Professor Möbius, which have the singular habit of taking a sea-anemone in each claw and of thus carrying them about. With their tentacles expanded, these zoophytes probably serve to screen the crabs from the observation both of their enemies and of their prey, just as certain other crustaceans cultivate a colony of polyps on their backs with the view, or at least with the result, of deceiving the creatures for whom they lie in wait. Other instances might be given, such as that of the little pea-crabs found occasionally in mussels and other bivalve shells, which, in return for the protection afforded by the molluscan shell, gives its host a share of the food it captures. These, however, will suffice to show how widely prevalent commensalism is throughout the animal kingdom.

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